

DECEMBER, 1915

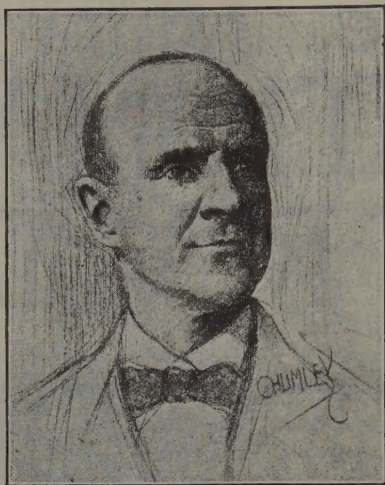
The

PRICE TEN CENTS

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



CHRISTMAS EVE



EUGENE V. DEBS

ORIGINAL
SKETCHES



WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

One of Chicago's best known revolutionary artists, L. Stanford Chumley, has volunteered to draw for Review readers a limited number of **Original Charcoal** Studies of

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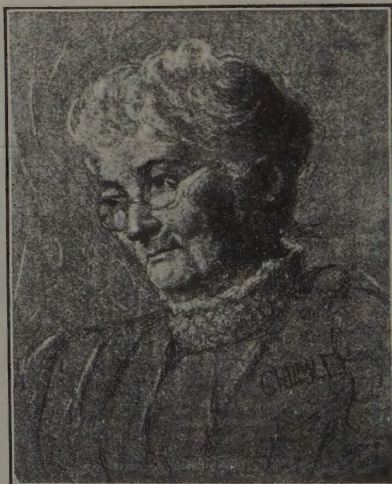
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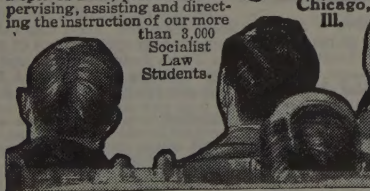
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Special Free Trial to Socialists

NO MONEY DOWN—CHARGES PREPAID

WONDERFUL NEW KEROSENE LIGHT

Gives Twice the Light on Half the Oil

Don't Pay Us a Cent

until you have used this wonderful new modern incandescent light in your home for **10 days**, putting it to every possible test and then if you don't say it is the greatest oil light that you have ever seen, or you are not thoroughly satisfied, **you may send it back at our expense.** You can't lose a penny. We want you to prove for yourself, as thousands upon thousands of others have, that the Aladdin has no equal; that it makes the ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; that it **saves one-half on oil**; that it beats electric, gasoline or acetylene lights and is put out like old style oil lamp; burns common kerosene (coal oil) without odor, smoke or noise; is clean, safe. **GUARANTEED.**

THOUSANDS NOW ENJOYING ITS BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT

The Aladdin is not an experiment but has been on the market seven years, tested in thousands of homes and every mail brings hundreds of enthusiastic letters from satisfied users endorsing the Aladdin as the most wonderful light they have ever seen. Such comments as, "You have solved the problem of rural home lighting;" "I could not think of parting with my Aladdin;" "The grandest thing on earth;" "You could not buy it back at any price;" "Beats any light I have ever seen;" "A blessing to any household;" "It is the acme of perfection;" "Better than I ever dreamed possible;" "Wouldn't have believed it till I saw it," etc., pour into our office every day.

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL at World's Exposition

The Aladdin has just been awarded the First prize Gold Medal at the World's Exposition at San Francisco, **the very highest honor**—in competition with the best Kerosene lamps of this country, and the leading European countries as well.



Style No. 101
**Aladdin
Table
Lamp**

We also have
Hanging Lamps
and various
other styles

**TRY
IT
TEN
DAYS
FREE**

We Will Give \$1000.00 in Gold
to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the Aladdin (details of this Reward Offer given in our circular which will be sent you.) Would we dare invite such comparison with all other lights if there were any doubt about the superiority of the Aladdin?

We Trust Socialists

We know that in making this liberal and almost unheard of offer to you, we take no risk. **We don't want you to take any risk** and that's why we do not feel we have any right to ask you to send any money in advance. We just want to place one of these new Kerosene (Coal Oil) Mantle Lamps in your home to use for **10 days absolutely free.** That is the only way you can ever get an idea of the wonderful white powerful light it gives.

MEN WITH RIGS MAKE BIG MONEY

No Experience Needed

Practically every farm or small town home needs it and will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before, writes:—"I sold 57 lamps the first 7 days." Another who ordered over 200 in 30 days says:—"I consider the Aladdin the best agency proposition I have ever had, and I have done agency work for 10 years." Another says:—"I disposed of 34 lamps out of 31 calls." Thousands of others who are coining money endorse it just as strongly.

Sold 275 in Six Weeks

Here is an exact copy of a letter written us recently by one of our enthusiastic farmer distributors who has made over \$2,000 during spare time the past two winters:—"It is a pleasure to sell the Aladdin. It makes good on all your claims, and it is easy to convince people that it is the best lamp on the market. I still use my first lamp as a demonstrator and it works perfectly although it has had pretty rough usage for over a year and a half. Between Jan 2 and Feb. 20, I sold about 275 lamps. I never saw anything that would sell equal to the Aladdin."

NO MONEY NEEDED

We Furnish the Capital

The honest, ambitious man who wants to get into a business of his own and make not merely a living but have a nice income, does not need capital to get started with us because we furnish him with a stock of goods on time. Don't hesitate to tell us if you need this help and we will gladly assist you. **Send this 10-day Free Trial Coupon Now.** Mail the coupon today to our nearest office, whether you are interested in a better light for your own use or in the great money-making Aladdin agency. You can't afford to be without this wonderful light, and if you wait until the territory is taken by someone else, you lose the opportunity to make splendid money delivering to your neighbors on our easy trial plan. Address nearest office. **WRITE NOW FOR DISTRIBUTOR'S PRICES BEFORE YOUR TERRITORY IS TAKEN.**

10-Day Free Trial Coupon

Mantle Lamp Co., 487 Aladdin Bldg.

I would like to know more about the Aladdin and your Easy Delivery Plan, under which inexperienced men with rigs make big money with capital. This in no way obligates me.

Name

P. O. Address State

THE MANTLE LAMP COMPANY

Largest Kerosene (Coal Oil) Mantle Lamp House in the World

487 Aladdin Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW YORK CITY PORTLAND, ORE. MONTREAL, CAN. WINNIPEG, CAN.

December

1915

The
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No. 6

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Mary E. Marcy, Robert Rives LaMonte, William E. Bohn.
Leslie H. Marcy, Frank Bohn, William D. Haywood, Phillips Russell

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International Notes

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Open To All

To Young and Old

No matter who or where you are, no matter how old you are, you can get a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone to try *without sending one single penny*. We take all the risk, anywhere, everywhere, anytime, for our trial offer is open to all. We have no age limit, no restrictions as to ailments or the length of time you have been ill. We want every sick person, old and young, to try a box of Bodi-Tone at our own risk, no matter what the ailment, no matter what the age. *Age is no barrier to health*, and this offer is open to all, *Old People* as well as middle-aged and young men and women. Thousands of persons, old and young, have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, without paying a penny, and found it put new flesh on their bones, new vigor in their minds, new vim in their muscles, and new vitality into every vital function, and we want you to try it, to see if it will not do as much for you. We are glad to send Bodi-Tone to you without a penny, glad to give you a chance to try it, to learn about this medicine which has brought new health and vigor to so many sick, suffering and feeble persons, old and young, glad to show you how health can be created with the right medicine, made from the right ingredients. If Bodi-Tone benefits you as it has thousands, pay a dollar for it. If not, don't pay a cent.

Bodi-Tone Does Just As Its Name Means

It cures disease by toning all the body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five tablets, enough for twenty-five days' use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping to tone every part of the body. Bodi-Tone contains no narcotic or habit-forming drugs, nothing your family doctor won't say is a good thing. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with the remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire System, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their quick absorption into the blood. All of these ingredients are combined in Bodi-Tone to make its Power.

You Need Bodi-Tone To Set Your Body Right

If you are tired of continual dosing without results, *you need Bodi-Tone right now*. If your local doctor has done you no good, if the ordinary medicinal combinations he used have failed, give this modern scientific combination of special remedies a chance to show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women with chronic ailments who had tried good physicians without lasting benefit, and for this reason all chronic sufferers are invited to try it *at our risk*. If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the health-making ingredients in Bodi-Tone go right to work and keep on working day after day, producing results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone helps to drive the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby stopping Rheumatic poison and putting new activity into muscles, nerves and joints. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from Female Ailments, for its toning properties have been found especially valuable in such ailments. *Read the reports, then send for a box and try it at our risk.*

Cured Him Of Bladder Catarrh

ROYAL, ARK.—I suffered for years with Stomach Trouble, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Bladder, as a result of Malarial Fever. For eight years my worst suffering had been with my Bladder. I had great difficulty at times in passing water, there being a painful smarting and burning, and at other times I would have difficulty in retaining it. My condition had become very serious, being accompanied with passing of slime and Blood, and I feared that Bright's disease had set in. I tried remedies and doctors with no benefit until I read about Bodi-Tone and sent for a trial box. Results were so satisfactory I ordered more. When I had used three boxes the bladder trouble had entirely ceased and I was also much better in other ways. I started to use Bodi-Tone about four years ago. It cured me then and I am still entirely cured. None of the old symptoms remained or have returned. Bodi-Tone truly did wonders for me. H. E. EVERTS.



New Health At 73 Years

FRIEDENS, PA.—When I started to use Bodi-Tone three years ago I was all worn out and not able to walk more than a mile before I was so weak and out of breath. I got but little solid sleep for years before and felt as tired in the morning as if I had done a hard day's work. I tried patent medicines until I was disgusted and doctors' medicines without lasting benefit. I had Catarrh and Throat Trouble, and my Heart, Liver and Kidneys were all more or less out of order. When I would lie down to sleep my Nerves were all on the go with such an uneasy feeling. Bodi-Tone made me a well woman at seventy-three and I am still well at seventy-six and have used nothing but Bodi-Tone. I can sleep like a healthy child, walk, eat, and do light work. I gained in weight and strength. I am well, cheerful, happy and contented, and have felt many years younger since I used Bodi-Tone.

MRS. ROSA SPANGLER.



Heart, Liver, Rheumatism

REA, MO.—When I saw the Bodi-Tone advertisement I was in an awful condition. I had Heart trouble so badly that I could not lie on my left side. My Breath was terribly short and I would get Dizzy Spells. The doctors told me I had an Enlarged Liver. I kept getting worse all the time, although I was doctoring with good doctors right along. My weight was down to 135 pounds. Before I had taken three boxes of Bodi-Tone I was entirely cured of all symptoms. I hadn't a pain left in my body. This was two and a half years ago and I am still in the best of health. I can do a hard day's work, and weigh 175 pounds. My wife had Rheumatism so badly that at times she could not walk and had to take to her bed. She always felt tired and worn out and her appetite was bad. Bodi-Tone has been a blessing to her, too. She has no Rheumatism or aches or pains.

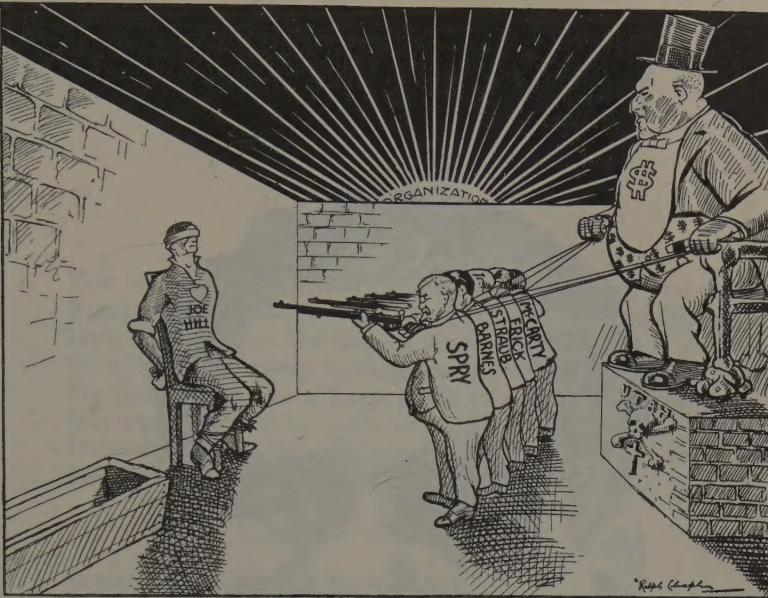
ELIAS DIGGS.



Thousands of Cures

of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anemia, Sleeplessness, La Grippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone in such disorders. Each one got a dollar box on trial, just as we now offer to you.

BODI-TONE COMPANY S. O. DEPT. CHICAGO



—From Solidarity.

JOE HILL

By Ralph Chaplin

High head and back unbending—rebel “true blue,”
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;
Singer of Labor’s wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.

Though you were one of us, what could we do?
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;
We would have given all that you might live.

Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;
We from the awful thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,
You who were close to Death seemed not to care.

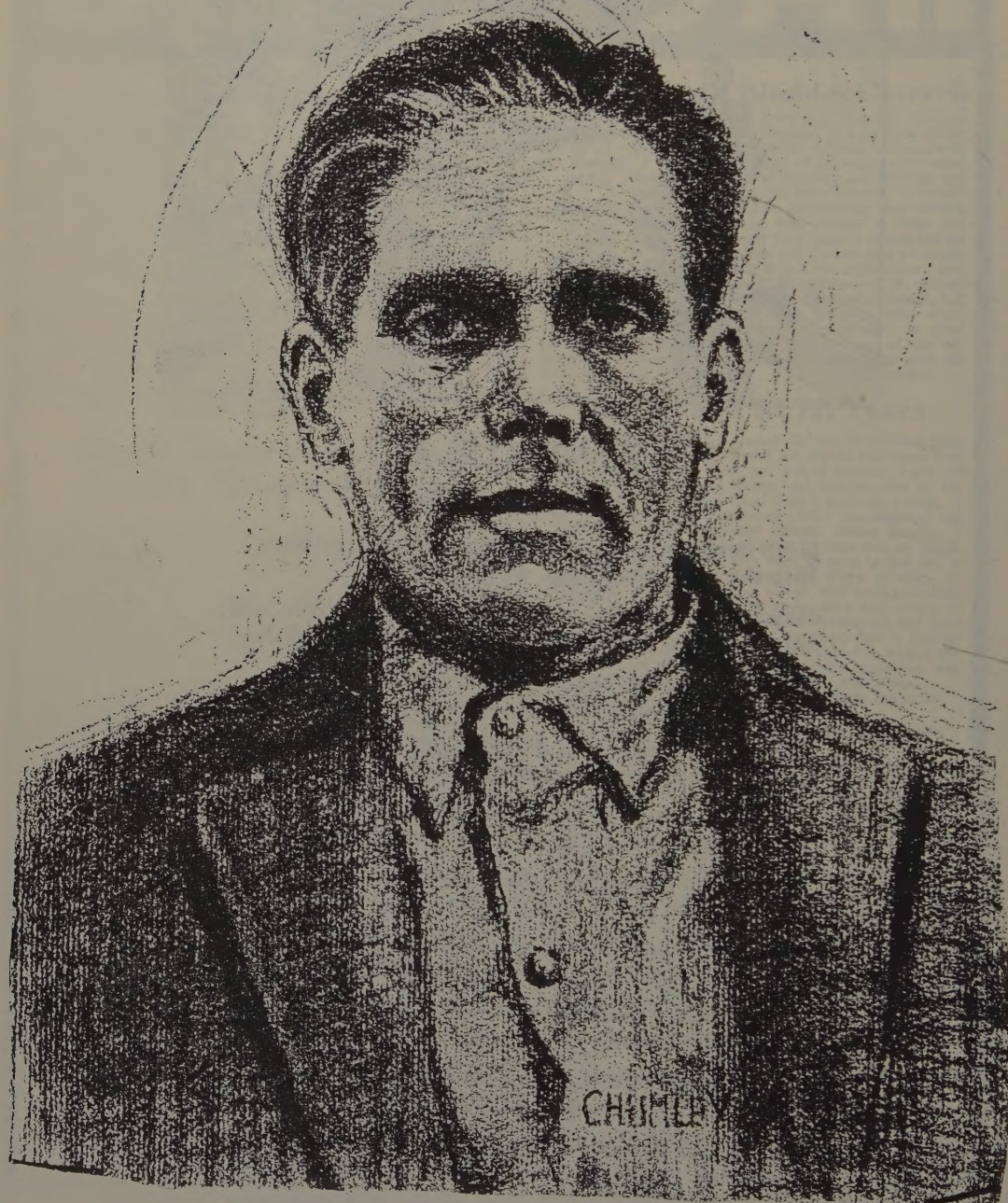
White-handed loathsome Power, knowing no pause,
Sinking in Labor’s flower, murderous claws.

Boastful, with leering eyes—blood-dripping jaws . . .
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!

Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;
We of the “surging flood” NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?
Know, ye, his songs and Cause ye cannot kill.

High head and back unbending—such men are few,
Into the night unending; why was it you?



JOE HILL, I. W. W. POET AND SONG WRITER, WHO WAS
EXECUTED AT SUNRISE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER
19TH, AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

SCISSOR BILL

Air: "Steamboat Bill"

By Joe Hill

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,
You'll always run across that same old Scissor Bill.
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

Chorus:

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.
Scissor Bill, should drown in Mississippi,
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill he couldn't live without the booze,
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.
And Scissor Bill he says: "This country must be freed
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn Swede."
He says that every cop would be a native son
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.

Chorus:

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin',
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";
Scissor Bill, is down on everybody,
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,
He says he never organized and never will.
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.
And Bill, he says he gets rewarded thousand fold,
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

Chorus:

Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

"The Cause I stand for, that of a fair and honest trial, is worth more than any human life—much more than mine."

—Joe Hill to the Board of Pardons.

"I am going to drive the I. W. W. out of the state. If the police do not do it I will do it myself."

—Gov. Spry to the Press.

A Challenge

An Open Letter to the Board of Pardons of the State of Utah

TO THE BOARD OF PARDONS OF THE STATE OF UTAH, SALT
LAKE CITY, UTAH:

Gentlemen:

Assuming that your reasons for denying clemency to Joseph Hillstrom are correctly set forth in the public press this morning, and for the purpose of showing that they are not founded on either the law or facts in the case, but are intended to and do delude and deceive the public, I respectfully make the offer to publicly discuss the facts at any time in any city in the United States with any member of your board, or all of them; such discussion to be before the date assigned for his execution.

I make this request to afford an opportunity to refute, as I feel I can, among other things, the false, wicked and cowardly aspersion on his character—that Hillstrom has heretofore committed any crime or that he has now, or ever has had, any criminal record—now for the first time so bravely urged as a sufficient justification for taking his life.

This matter, as you all must realize, is one now of national, if not international importance, and has excited intense interest from New York to San Francisco; and I would be, as the attorney for this condemned man, of "meaner stuff than men are made of" if I did not, in the brief time of life now allotted him, challenge you and each of you to the proofs!

I am only anxious and determined that if Hillstrom is judicially murdered, the people of this country—the great jury to whom we must all go at last—shall fully understand just where rests the full measure of responsibility for "the deep damnation of his taking off."

Any communication will reach me addressed to this city.

Very respectfully,

Denver, Colorado.

O. N. HILTON.

Wm. D. Haywood,

164 W. Washington St., Chicago:

Funeral services held today at 3 p. m. Enormous crowd showed respect for our song writer and escorted his body to depot singing his songs.

Ed Rowan, Secty.

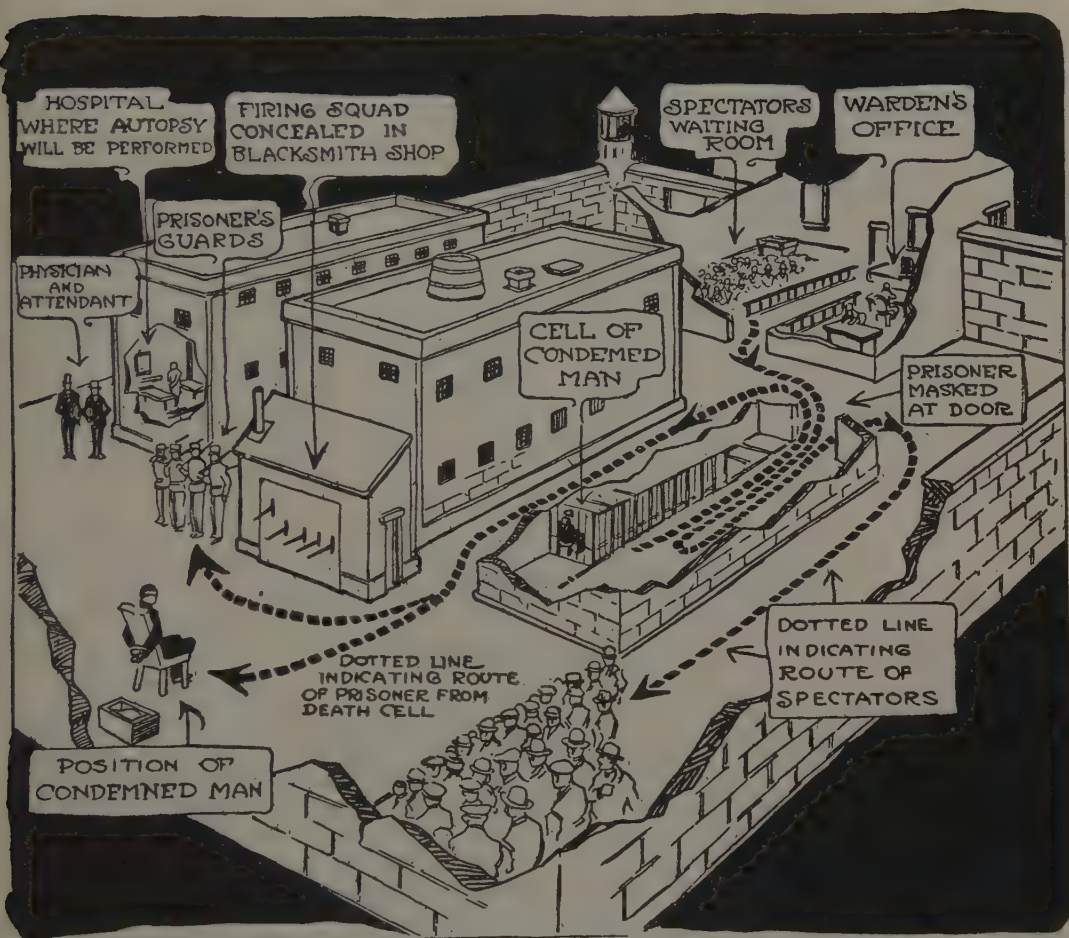
Salt Lake City, Nov. 21, 1915.

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VOL. XVI

DECEMBER, 1915

No. 6



SKETCH OF THE UTAH STATE PRISON, WHERE JOE HILL WAS SHOT TO DEATH.

—From the Cleveland Press.

JOE HILL

A FEW minutes after the firing squad of the state of Utah had pumped their slugs of lead into the heart of Joe Hill, there came a telegram into the hands of Bill Haywood, sitting in the national headquar-

ters of the Industrial Workers of the World, Mortimer Building, Chicago.

It was from Ed Rowan, secretary of the I. W. W. local at Salt Lake City, and it read: "Joe died game."

And that, after all, is the big point

about Joe Hill, his life, his deeds, his songs, his death: "He died game."

They were looking over one of his straightforward, simple letters, written in lead pencil, from the Utah State Prison to the I. W. W. national headquarters and some thought this line would make a good inscription for Joe Hill's gravestone:

"I am glad to hear that the One Big Union idea is gaining headway and I hope it won't be long before the plutes will fall off their high horses and be made to realize that they were not made out of any special kind of clay after all."

On the night before the dawn, when he faced the muzzles of death he sent these two telegrams to Haywood:

"Good-bye, Bill. I will die like a true blue rebel. Don't waste any time in mourning. *Organize.*"

"It is a hundred miles from here to Wyoming. Could you arrange to have my body hauled to the state line to be buried? Don't want to be found dead in Utah."

And this was the rejoinder Bill Haywood sent as the good-bye of the working class to one of the gamiest, gladdest, brawniest, big-hearted rebels the American working class has flung forward into historic action:

"Good-bye, Joe. You will live long in the hearts of the working class. Your songs will be sung wherever the workers toil, urging them to organize. Wired Rowan to see your wishes are carried out."

Now the finish has come and the Utah capitalist and Mormon thirst for the blood of one who defied them has been glutted—now that the remonstrances of the President of the United States have been sneered at and the bunch of thieving, conniving, adulterous money-mongers of Utah have had their drink of the red life fluid of Joe Hill—the working class can look back at the short flash of his scarlet life, can remember the heroic nerve of him, can learn better to sing his songs and live up to the daring and ironic quality of his songs.

MURDER MOST FOUL

By JIM LARKIN

"**F**IRE! Let her go!"

With these words on his lips passed to the great beyond a few hours ago Joseph Hillstrom, murdered by the hired assassins of the capitalist class, who, for a few dirty pieces of silver, shot to death a man for the alleged killing of the man Morrison and his son, in what has been well named the City of Undiscovered Crime, Salt Lake City.

While we here respectfully tender our sincere condolences to the bereaved woman Morrison, it must be said, Comrades, that lie as they may, apologize and explain as they may, Joe Hill was shot to death because he was a member of the fighting section of the American working-class, the Industrial Workers of the World.

It is necessary that this should be said

by one like myself who is not a member of that organization. May be I, like many others of its critics, lack the intelligence and requisite courage to fit me for membership in the organization which in its brief life has displayed more real revolutionary spirit, greater self-sacrifice, than any other movement in the world of labor has produced—admitting that at times it has made mistakes due to over zeal on the part of its members and propagandists, and has been somewhat intolerant of less revolutionary sections.

Nevertheless, the I. W. W. has ever hewed true to the line of working-class emancipation. Never at any time or place or under the most adverse conditions can it be charged with having obscured the issue or with ever having preached permanent peace with, or given recognition to, the capitalist system. No! but

true to its mission as the pioneer movement of the newer time, it advocated perpetual war on, and the total abolition of the system of wage slavery that blights humanity.

That is a record to be proud of in these days of compromise, when we are cursed with a breed of sycophants masquerading as labor leaders, whose sole purpose in life seems to be apologizing for and defending the capitalist system of exploitation and forever putting forward palliatives and outworn nostrums such as arbitration boards, time agreements and protocols.

Even the Gods cannot fight against stupidity, but when allied with that we have venial graft, lust for power and place, and a deep-seated contempt for the workers who elect them to office, animating the soul-cases of these alleged leaders, it gives us great hope and courage and strength of purpose to know of a movement that can produce a great soul like Joe Hill, whose heart was attuned to the spirit of the coming time and who voiced in rebellious phrases his belief in the working class.

Judge of the type of man he was, who on the verge of eternity, writing to Comrade Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who with many other good Comrades was making a heroic uphill fight to save that valuable life for the cause, penned the following:

"We cannot afford to drain the resources of the whole organization and weaken its fighting strength just on account of one individual—common sense will tell you that Gurley—there will be plenty of new rebels coming to fill up the gap."

Never thinking of self, but always of the cause, such was the type of man a vindictive jury, filled with blood lust and

desire for revenge, found guilty of an atrocious cowardly murder on circumstantial evidence only. They lied in their verdict, and they knew they lied, but a victim had to be found and so the itinerant I. W. W. propagandist and poet, Joseph Hillstrom, one of the Ishmaelites of the industrial world, was to hand and they "shot him to death" because he was a rebel, one of the disinherited, because he was the voice of the inarticulate downtrodden; they crucified him on their cross of gold, spilled his blood on the altar of their God—Profit.

Because he cried out in the market place, on the highways and in the dark places where the children of men gathered together, the truth that would make men free, for such a crime they crucified the Man of Galilee, for such a crime they crucified John Ball, Parsons, and a million unnamed, aye and for such a crime they will crucify millions unborn, if we cry not halt.

Therefore, Comrades, over the great heart of Joe Hill, now stilled in death, let us take up his burden, rededicate ourselves to the cause that knows no failure, and for which Joseph Hillstrom cheerfully gave his all, his valuable life. Though dead in flesh he liveth amongst us, and cries out:

Arouse! Arouse! Ye sons of toil from every rank of Labor,
Not to strife of leaping lead, of bayonet or of saber.

Ye are not murderers such as they who break ye day and hour!

Arouse! Unite! Win back your world with a whirlwind stroke of power!

Let his blood cement the many divided sections of our movement, and our slogan for the future be:

"Joe Hill's body lies mouldering in the grave, but the cause goes marching on."

The body of Joe Hill will be brought to Chicago. Funeral services will be held Thursday, Nov. 25th, at 10.30 a. m., at the West Side Auditorium, 1010 S. Racine avenue, under the auspices of the I. W. W.

Members representing twelve nationalities will speak and songs by Joe Hill will be sung.

The funeral oration will be delivered by Judge O. N. Hilton of Denver, Colorado.



DAILY SCENES IN THE STRIKE DISTRICTS.

Under the Stars and Stripes

By LESLIE MARCY

OVER one thousand two hundred Chicago Garment Workers have been arrested and thrown in police stations since they went on strike for a living wage eight weeks ago.

Never, in the strike history of Chicago, has there been so many wage workers

arrested. Over three-quarters of a million dollars has been furnished to bail out the men, women and girls, according to Comrade William A. Cunnea, who is fighting the battles of the strikers in the courts as attorney for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

The first day of winter finds fifteen thousand needle workers more solidly united than when they walked out eight weeks ago. Of these on strike, about one-fourth are Jews, the remaining being equally divided between Italians, Lithuanians and Poles. The strike has welded them together into a solid fighting phalanx.

Most of the workers have been in this country only a few years. The big point made by Grace Abbott of the Immigration Protective League is that these foreigners will get a queer idea of democracy and freedom under the American flag by the time the Chicago police have added a few more hundred arrests to the 1,246 so far charged with offences. These have ranged from disorderly conduct and unlawful assembly to "riot," "inciting to riot," assault and battery and malicious mischief. Many arrests have been made with *no charges preferred*.

Also, be it noted, these foreigners haven't got the vote. They are not yet citizens. They cannot use their ballots to help get better conditions, even if it were a cinch that such use of the ballot would gain them their demands. They have been driven to find another way to find a shorter workday and a higher wage. So they are on the streets on strike, leaving their needle machines idle.

"Parliamentary action failed us and we are supporting now the only action that appears effective for gaining our ends," was the remark of a club woman who lobbied for women's laws in the last Illinois legislature and is now on the picket line of the striking garment workers.

"We asked for an eight-hour law for women. We pointed to women as mothers on whom it was unjust to impose the nine and ten-hour workday. Our demands were refused."

"We asked for a minimum wage commission to investigate various industries and fix the lowest amount an employer would be permitted by law to pay his girls and women. We wanted the living wage arranged by law to safeguard the physical needs of food, clothing and shelter required by wage earners. Our demands were refused."

"Sixty per cent of the garment strikers are women and girls. They are demanding the shorter workday and the minimum wage

we asked of the state legislature. Our political demands having been refused, we are taking the only course possible for us. That is, we are getting out on the streets on the picket line, we are contributing money, and we are issuing public statements that our place is on the strike lines where our sisters are taking the most direct route to attain their industrial demands."

On the other side are all the big bosses in the men's clothing industry which has grown with gigantic strides in a few years until Chicago is the greatest men's clothing center in the world, with an annual output of \$140,000,000.00.

Backing up the bosses is the power of the press, the club of the cop and the Mayor of Chicago, as well as an army of special police and professional strike breakers.

In spite of the fact that the law grants the strikers the right to peacefully picket, the cold fact is that the special police are growing daily more bitter in their assaults on the picket lines. More arrests are made, more workers beaten up.

His honor, the Mayor, who not long ago was handed a halo for forcing arbitration during the street car strike, has steadfastly refused to use his power and pull to bring about arbitration. His advice to the strikers is that they should "Go home and keep the peace," and, above all, not use violence.

The chief of police is also lined up with the bosses. The *Day Book*, the only Chicago paper which has stuck by the strikers through thick and thin, in its issue of November 17th, says: "Chief of Police Healey, seated by the Mayor, flourished a bundle of papers dealing with alleged attacks by strikers. But the Mayor said he had no reports of sluggings in which strikers had been the victims."

The following paragraphs will give REVIEW readers an idea of the majesty of the big stick as represented by the police force of Chicago:

James O'Dea Storren was a captain of police in Chicago a few months ago. He was a high and honored official. He was one of the regular attendants at the annual dinner of the Haymarket Veterans' Association, he, Capt. Storren, having been one of the policemen who was on duty the night that the world-famous Chicago anarchists' bomb was thrown.

And now Capt. Storren has had his captain's badge taken from him and his but-

tons and his uniform. He is no longer a captain of police. He was convicted by a Cook county jury of the crime of extortion and conspiracy. He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$1,000 and only his extreme age saved him from a term behind the bars of state's prison.

At trial, Capt. Storren's lawyer shook his finger dramatically to the jury and then turned and pointed at the old man, saying: "This man is a veteran of the Haymarket riot. He is a defender of civilization. He risked his life to ward off the demon of anarchy from your hearths and firesides." It seems the jury wouldn't fall for that stuff. The overwhelming testimony of witnesses showed that Capt. Storren, even though a Haymarket hero, had been a helper of a gang of thieves known as "the million-dollar burglar trust" operating on the west side of Chicago, chiefly near the Maxwell street station. These burglars used wagons. They ran their wagons up alleys, backed to the hind door of a store, and loaded up the whole stock of the store, whether dry goods, furniture, silk or what not. They hauled away a million dollars' worth of this swag. They paid the police. And the police kept their eyes shut. And one Haymarket hero was caught with a sticky mitt.

"The detective bureau of Chicago is a den of thieves." This remark is not from

any Socialist or I. W. W. It is the cool statement of the state's attorney of Cook county who knows the police of Chicago pretty well. Three detective sergeants and one police captain have been convicted in the last four months of extortion and conspiracy. One of the detectives sentenced to state's prison is a nephew of the present captain of the detective bureau. Besides, the game isn't over. A former captain of the detective bureau is now on trial and a lieutenant will face prosecution after that. There are no charges of cruelty and cunning, facility in the "double cross," made by labor men against policemen and detectives as a class, but are well backed up in the evidence brought out in these Chicago police cases.

Sidney Hillman advises the REVIEW that over ninety thousand dollars have been given by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the shape of strike benefits, the big bulk of which has been paid out to strikers during the past five weeks. The strike fund is getting low and winter is here. We hope all REVIEW readers who can afford to send in a dollar or more will do so at once. The clothing workers' fight is our fight. It is the class struggle in action in Chicago in the clothing industry. Show these garment workers that you are with them by sending your remittance to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.



MOTHER JONES FIRING THE HEARTS OF THE GARMENT WORKERS.

JUST A MINUTE

CHARLEY CHAPLIN has his knockers. They say he ain't high class art. I don't care. I like Charley. Especially I like him in that comedy, "Work," where he does a bum job of paperhanging and slathers buckets of paste all over the gazaboos who took him for a mutt.

Here's an old verse, of an old song. If anybody knows more verses to the same song, send 'em in:

My mother she takes in washing,
My father he fiddles for gin,
My sister she works in a laundry,
My God! how the money rolls in!



From the Masses.

PREPAREDNESS.

Preparedness is the big magic word, friends. The peace-at-any-price folks are going to bump up against a whole lot of argument and a deep, deep drift of feeling the next year and the next presidential campaign. Maybe preparedness is bunk. Maybe it ain't. But preparedness is one tall issue. And when you get down to brass tacks on the argument, there's nothing much more solid along that line than the article of Max Eastman in the *Masses* for November.

Solidarity—everybody knows what solidarity means. It's the idea in that

old song of fellowship, "What the hell do we care? The gang's all here." When the working class stands together in one big union without craft distinctions and jurisdictional squabbles, with the whole proletarian gang standing together, then we sure can sing: "What the hell do we care?"

When I bumped into Bill Haywood the other day and talked about how things are going and coming, he admitted incidentally that it ain't all idle newspaper chatter about the labor market being less crowded now than generally this time of the year. "More people working and less hunting jobs than I've seen in many years this time of the year," said Bill. And so the dope of some of 'em is, now's a good time to organize, or if you already got an organization, strike the boss for a pay raise, and if you don't get it, then strike the works.

Hearst papers have the same rotten record in Chicago they have in Los Angeles, Frisco and New York. In Chicago the garment strikers get nothing but poisoned news and poisoned headlines from Hearst. More of it and worse of it than any other papers in Chicago.

Sam Blythe, the heavyweight writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, got chummy with newspaper men at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago a few days ago. He said war is worse in a thousand ways than any reporter has told. Blythe has been along miles of trenches and battle line villages west and east in Europe. Mud, muck, stink, hunger—he wrote what he saw. But no magazines would print it. Too stinking fierce and shocking rotten to be printed. "The editors ask for articles on hygiene and the Red Cross work, hoping that people will be able to guess at the appalling truth behind all the relief work," said Blythe.



THE JUDGE'S ASSOCIATE.

The cave-dweller may be dead, but his voice is still heard daily in our law courts, where learned and cultured judges are employed translating his blood-stained tradition into gentlemanly English.



LABOR WANTS A "PLACE IN THE SUN!"

Capital (deeply shocked at Labor's efforts to emerge): "Back to your abyss, Sir! As it is already there is scarcely enough sun to go round!"



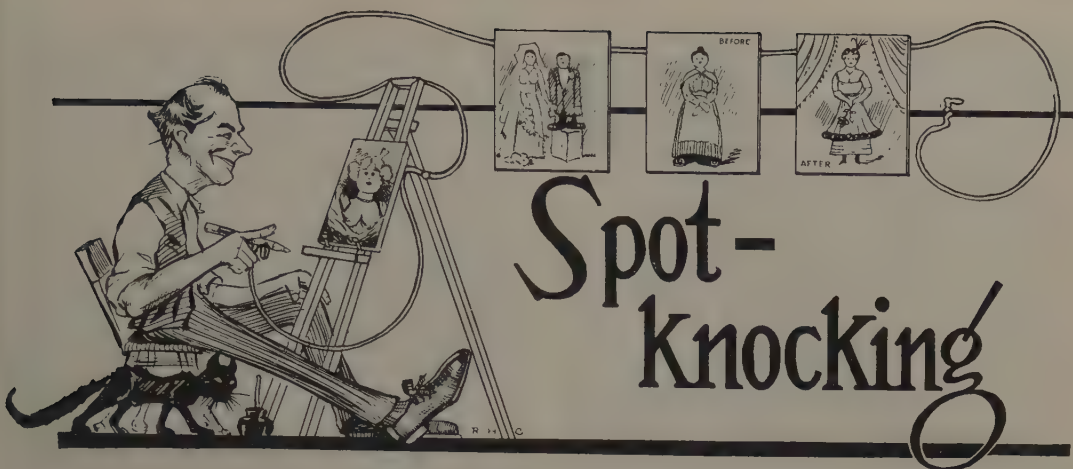
"GIVE US THIS DAY—"

Master Baker: Give us this day workmen pure in heart, meek in spirit, as soft and pliable as the dough they daily punch; and punish the wickedness of the agitators who want them to rise.



"SERMONS IN NUTS."

The Simian Philosopher: No, my child, never speak slightly of Evolution. It is merely through evolutionary development that we have acquired those higher moral faculties which make it possible for us to luxuriate behind nice iron bars that completely shut out the Capitalists.



By R. B. TOBIAS

A SPOT KNOCKER is often a one-time artist, who, because of competition in the original field of his endeavors, is forced to become one of those ill-paid, well-named handlers of the air brush, who take the "spots," freckles, moles, and birthmarks off the relatives whose enlarged photographs we see hanging dismally upon the walls of our dwellings.

We decorate the small, original, post-card likeness of the barber, in his ten-year-ago style spring suit, with the stripes demanded by this year's tailor; put gold watches, diamond studs and radiating cuff links on the garb of yesteryear and paint out the too effulgent lines of the fat lady. We place high collars where they ought to be and earn our salt in redressing the dear departed in the fashionable gown decreed by Paris this year.

A "Spot Knocker's" "lot is not a happy one!" Twenty years ago it was not so bad. My story is the tale of the decline of an artist and the rise of a Spot Knocker. It is the story of nearly all Spot Knockers.

After I had twice taken the first prize at the Chicago Art Institute and had spent a year studying in Paris, and had disposed of less than enough pictures during the ensuing twenty months to pay my room rent, I stepped down from my artistic high horse and solicited work for the magazines, where I was barely able to eke out my vanishing resources for another year.

Like many of my fellow students, Necessity then forced me to further degrade my "artistic gifts" and I attacked the "commercial houses," which I found also crowded with would-be artists. Competition here was so keen that, in spite of the fact that I was perfectly willing, and even anxious, to draw cut glass ware, or wedge-wood china for half-tone catalogs, at the niggardly sum of \$20.00 a week, I soon found myself again in the great Army of Unemployed.

It was then some kind friend came along and told me of that small group of art students who managed to pay their bills by "spot knocking." Now, in those days "spot knocking" required a certain skill. The worker, aided by a pantograph or an enlarging box—all of this work was made without the air-brush—was *hand stippled*—actually enlarged the photographs that were brought to him, and some small degree of artistic ability was required to do this work well.

At first I actually enjoyed my work and the unaccustomed affluence that flowed from it. This was long ago and I was very, very young. I took real pleasure in reproducing, in enlarged form, the kindly features, with their wealth of benevolent wrinkles, of the grandmothers. I smiled over the faces of the young women and sweat, good-naturedly, over the innumerable babies.

The \$50.00 to \$75.00 I earned every week brought self-respect, and revived my waning hopes that I might some day become an artist worthy of the name.

But, with me as with many others, the "spot knocker's studio" became the graveyard of these youthful aspirations. I lived well and was known as something of an artist, and still held myself to be somewhat above those menial workmen who labor in grimy machine shops or factories, even after the invention of the air brush. I was still of the artistic world, at least in my own opinion. I was able to swing a "stick," affect the latest styles in artistic garb and discuss the "arts."

The solar print was the next step in the production of enlarged photographs. It was a step beyond, or, from the artistic viewpoint, *below*, the period of free hand work. A solar print is a more or less dim impression of the original photograph printed large size on steinbach crayon paper sensitized with silver nitrate.

But pride goeth before the "machine," and so went the last of mine. The bromide process was so perfected that the despised printer could appropriate a portion of our jobs by making these "prints." These were so clear and strong in tone values that they left very little for us to do. A bromide print is almost as clear as the original photograph—sometimes clearer. They are printed on smooth paper and look just like large photographs.

These we were merely required to "touch up" before delivery.

Our arduous labors, our artistic achievements, now became merely the removing of moles, the insertion of dimples, the straightening of crossed eyes and the invention of jewelry. During the first stage of the innovation we were often required to redress a woman wearing the costume of the vintage of '89, and set her forth in the latest decoction from some Paris modiste. But here again the mechanics of the printing shop encroached upon the "artistic" domain, and standard forms and plates of modern garments were substituted in rough print for use in the large "hand-painted" portrait.

The Art Institutes have continued to turn out more and more students with the passing years, and competition among Spot Knockers has grown appreciably keener, until today we receive from 15

cents to four bits for each enlargement or each "hand-painted enlarged portrait," for which the customer pays the studio companies \$2.98 to \$10.00, "including the frame."

It was early in my spot knocking career that I discovered that the interests of the order-getting Agents and the Spot Knockers was not always to be considered identical. The Agents often secured their contracts at our expense. They still get many orders by promising impossible results, which we are expected to carry out, orders that may mean much extra work and worry and time and labor to us, for which we receive no additional pay.

I have often noticed the remarkable versatility and imaginative ability possessed by Agents. Whether it is that the job causes these budding talents to blossom, or whether it be that the talents secure the job, I cannot say. But Agents are required to produce the "business," and their methods are often unique.

Louey Steinheimer, the best order-getter of the Cincinnati Studio, in which I "knocked" for two years, was the best weeper-on-the-job I have ever met. Louey used to copy the addresses of funerals from the daily papers and skip around and wait on the stoop till the mourners came home—waiting for orders. By the time the carriages coming home turned the corner he had loaded up on Uncle John's or Cousin Eleanor's—or whoever it was had passed away—characteristics, and was ready to sympathize with the bereaved—and take orders.

He would dwell on their good qualities and gaze upon their features—if he was fortunate enough to secure a photograph—and moan, "*Such* a man! To lose *such* a father!" Or "*husband*" or brother, as the case might demand, and squeeze actual tears from his eyes. Usually he was able to get the whole family wrought up into tears again, and before their eyes were dry enough to see the contract very well, he got his orders. We all voted him the most realistic mourner off the Legitimate. He could turn on the faucet of his emotions like a soda-water clerk serving orders.

Louey's specialty was among the bereaved. Bud Higgins worked among the

foreign working girls and wives of foreign workmen. Most of these had friends, or sweethearts or relatives in the Old Country to whom they desired to send pictures of themselves. Nine times out of ten these people wished their portraits to represent worldly wealth hoped for, but not yet attained. And Bud Higgins was lavish in promising additions for us to make, diamond necklaces that radiated light like the setting sun, modern gowns, latest coiffeurs, jewelry, gloves, hats and coats to suit, with hosiery and slippers to match.

It was almost as good as a course in designing for us Spot Knockers, but it did not pay. At 50 cents a figure on an enlargement and 55 cents for two heads, etc., etc., the more new clothes we had to paint in, the more jewels we had to sprinkle on, the more heads of hair we had to re-dress, the fewer pictures we could do per day. We told Bud. We said we were only expected to wash out wrinkles and take off warts and moles and birthmarks and such things. We said we were willing to put on gold watches or diamond stick pins, or rings and even dimples, but we thought some extra charge ought to be made for coloring faded hair, putting heavy growths over bald spots, fat reductions, bust enlargements, Paris gowns and making old folks young and poor clothes fine.

I never heard any one among us object to straightening the limbs of a bow-legged man, nor to inventing a decent amount of jewelry. But when Bud came in with orders to "*reduce* the young woman," who weighed 210 pounds to 140 pounds, the most patient, long-suffering Spot Kocker in the studio, Old Baldy, went on strike.

It had reached the point where agents would promise *anything* to secure orders. One woman insisted that we make a small postcard front view picture of her husband over into an enlarged "*side view*." A Swedish mother asked to have her baby's picture "*made a year older*," because the photograph had been taken at one year and the child had died when it was two years old.

For a long time we endured, uncertain how to voice our rebellion. We did not want to throw down our tools and

go out on strike because some of us objected to such methods. We had not yet learned that the Spot Kocker's job is subject to the same laws as any other job. Besides we knew there were hundreds of hungry art students who would flock over and into the studio and take our jobs and hold on to them as tight as a drowning man hangs to a bubble. I don't like to add that we recalled the time when we *had struck* and some of our own number had sneaked in to work evenings, thus scabbing on themselves and the rest of us.

It was when things were in this state of sullen rebellion that the Duke came back to the studio. The Duke was Spanish and as full of kick as a young donkey. He had joined the Socialist Party and the I. W. W., and he started right in doing propaganda work among us heathen "*wage slaves*."

Times had been dull at the studio, but just then the ante-Christmas orders began to pour in. We all figured that here was where we would roll up a little rainy day money and pay up our bills. Bud Higgins, Weeping Louey and Art Strumsky, who worked the weddings, went on a regular contract-getting debauch. The orders poured in and we all worked over-time and Sundays at 50 cents per figure trying to catch the fish while it rained mackerel.

But orders became more difficult of execution every week. It took the Duke only a day or two to notice that instructions were becoming more and more involved. One day he came to me with two small photographs.

"This," he said holding up an exceptionally dim, out-of-door, dinky picture of a tall, gawky youth wearing a pale, timid-looking moustache, "*this* is John, the bridegroom, and *this*"—pointing to a fat, little brunette with her hair in braids, "*this*, is the blushing bride. I am requested to unite them in the enlargement, dressing the bride in a modern Fifth avenue wedding gown and show her with her hand upon the groom's arm. And, *this*, spindly, spineless creature wants his moustache removed, evening dress put on, with jewelry, white gloves and all the rest of it—all for the paltry sum of *fifty-five cents*. Here's where I cure Art

Strumsky of his facility in promising stuff that means quadruple work for Sweeney."

It gave us real pleasure to watch the Duke. He put in a good deal of extra time on that order. He gave the little dumpy bride's head the wedding gown and the form of the slimsky Consuela, Countess of Barlborough, and he set the lanky bridegroom's head upon the shoulders of a short, stout body, working his shoes in at the *knees* with a board box beneath them. A full sixteen inches between feet and knees were painlessly removed by this artist-surgeon. The whole picture was a "bleacher" (print removed with cyanide). It was beautiful. The fat, merry face of the little bride peered at us atop the slim form of a six-foot society matron, while her hand rested upon the arm of her husband, who had been reduced to a bare four feet. Apparently the bride fairly towered above her lord.

We knew this order would be thrown back upon the hands of Art Strumsky and that he would have to pay the Duke, personally, for the job. It looked like a brilliant way to cut down our labors within reason. We all picked up ideas from the Duke like a lost pup goes after a bone.

That same day Louey came in with two nice orders from widowers whose wives had been laid to rest and who were willing to pay \$10,000 to secure an *improved* portrait to hang in the parlor. Louey had promised both men to present their wives in low-necked evening clothes and to doll them up generally like the Sunday Supplement pictures of Who's Who in Washington, etc., etc.

The décolleté order went to one of the boys and he obeyed instructions to the last paragraph. He thickened Mrs. Parker's hair; he added curls to Mrs. Mike Mahoney's locks. He gave them white silk hosiery, toe slippers and abbreviated petticoats, as is the style this year. He made no reduction in their forms, which even their best friends would have been forced to admit were a trifle embonpoint, and he certainly did paint those evening dresses *low*.

I never saw nicer work. He put a lot of time in on that job. Mrs. Parker's

ankles in the enlarged portrait were a whole lot better than they were in real life. She wore shoulder straps to keep her gauze waist up. And Mrs. Mahoney looked like a couple of Schuman-Heinks rolled into one who was trying to break out of her clothes.

Bud Higgins had grown ambitious (in planning extra work for the rest of us) along with Art Strumsky and Louey. They seemed to be trying to out-do each other in seeing which one could plan the most elaborate tout ensemble for us to work over. The Duke said that when Bud was talking-for-an-order he offered as many things as the most expensive beauty doctors, gowns as lovely as Lillian Russell's, wealth, beauty and a dip in the Fountain of Youth—all at the expense of the poor Spot Kocker.

Those of us who had been executing orders for Bud, grudgingly, grumblingly, peevishly, began to take a new interest in life. We followed Bud's lavish instructions literally, we retouched, re-dressed, re-formed, revived and beautified each and every photograph out of all semblance to the original. We took Maxine Elliott as the ideal for brunettes and Lillian Langtry as the perfect blonde. We redecorated poor Lizzie Verblotz until her own mother would not have known her. We touched up worn Mrs. Wezerowsky until she looked five years younger than her own daughter. Ample curves we produced by the magic of our heavy brushes, where had been sharp angles; we reduced the burdens of the flesh-weary and a number one A-Last slipper was the largest thing we knew in feminine footwear.

Not a single point of identification did we leave the puzzled Bud. Mary Weiskowniff, with her high bridged little nose re-done into a Lillian Russell, was not to be distinguished from Kathleen Levine, whose retrousse organ had yielded to the perfection of a Maxine Elliott.

The two practical widowers rolled up their sleeves and gave Louey a beating that sent him to the hospital for three days when they saw those "low-necks"; nine out of ten of the Beauty enlargements were thrown back upon Bud's hands by the enraged contract-signers, who insisted that "that ain't *me*" and the

bride-and-groom output was an ignominious failure from Art Strumsky's point of view and a howling success from our own. Little discrepancies in height, weight, etc., etc., had served our purpose,

so that our "strike on the job," as the Duke called it, made good and today we are almost back to the old basis of dimple and jewelry insertions and wart and mole eliminations.

After the War—What?

Socialist Militancy Against Capitalist Militarism

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

A FEW more remarks about militarism and armament.

I contend that an American Socialist party will act on these issues exactly as the German Socialist party acted. That is, it will denounce both loudly and constantly, but when the great "showdown" comes, it will act exactly as the Germans did. Such an attitude is the logical, necessary and unavoidable outcome of parliamentary Socialism.

As was said before, there are only two rational and consistent attitudes in the matter. One is of absolute and complete non-resistance and surrender. Let the Japanese or Germans or English armies invade our soil. Let them take possession of our country and government. Let some of them rape our women, burn our homes, and all we will do is to weep and gently remonstrate.

To do this would be divine. Only a Christ could do it. No one claims such an attitude possible. No one advocates it. Even Mr. Bryan speaks of a million men jumping or springing to arms.

Every one, from Bryan to Roosevelt, advocates meeting force with force, opposing arms to arms. And so do the Socialists and the Socialist party. Certainly the Socialists are anti-militarists—internationally. The Socialists demand disarmament—as an international policy—all nations to disarm at the same time. This is also the desire of Bryan, Wilson, Roosevelt. Taft and the greater portion of the capitalist class. But that events are not controlled by our desires is seen now. It is safe to say that the dominant

desire of the American people at the present time is to keep out of militarism and armaments. Yet, notwithstanding, we see the United States slowly being forced or drifting to militarism and armaments.

The Socialists were never peace-at-any-price men. The attempt of the Germanizing Socialists in America to foist on the American Socialist party the peace-at-any-price policy will not be taken seriously. Their true desires are well shown in the attitude of Morris Hillquit, who in the same breath extols the German Socialists for having taken up arms for their country and demands of American Socialists to be peace-at-any-price men.

But no Socialist Congress ever demanded of any one country to disarm or stay unarmed in the presence of huge armaments of its neighbors. There is no Socialist authority or Socialist resolution binding the Socialists to leave their country defenseless in the presence of probable aggression.

The question is not what the American Socialist party will do now when it has no political weight with the country and government. The question is what would it do if it had the same power and responsibility as the German, Austrian or French Socialists have. The answer is—it would denounce militarism and vote for the defense of the country against "foreign aggression"—meaning it would support a real big war.

This is the inevitable blind-alley, sinequa-non, of parliamentary Socialism, national and international.

* * *

What is to be done? Is there no way

out of it for the Socialist movement? There surely is. Parliamentary Socialism is timid, mildly-reformistic and anti-revolutionary. Socialist action is political action. But political action is not alone parliamentary action. It is that and a great deal more.

The Socialists entered the parliament as a forum for propaganda. Through intense and one-sided parliamentary activity they drifted into reconciliation with the capitalist state. More and more they came around to the view that the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of Socialism are fine phrases for propaganda, but could not be considered at all as practical; that the entire mission of Socialism was to go into the parliament and there work for the betterment of the conditions of the working class.

The Socialists came to work against the capitalist state and stayed to work with it. They began to resent attacks against the state. Our own Section Six is an extreme expression of that attitude.

August fourth, nineteen fourteen, startled the Socialists of the world out of their self-sufficiency. It struck them painfully to their hearts that the movement of great promise showed no fulfillment. What happened? Did the Socialist movement fail? No, the Socialist movement did not fail. It is here more vital and abiding than ever.

Did political Socialism fail?

No; political Socialism did not fail. It was never tried.

What did fail was parliamentary Socialism pure and simple.

We learned now that parliamentary Socialism will not suffice alone.

We are in the midst of a militaristic era. And in a militaristic state militarism dominates the parliament. Parliamentarism is effective only when backed by force, actual or potential. Without force it is futile. An example of this was seen lately in Russia, where parliament, after parliament was dissolved by the Czar and its members exiled to Siberia. We have now an illustration of the futility of parliamentarism in Greece. Certainly, a manifestation of popular force in Russia or Greece may make the parliaments vital and powerful.

If the Socialists are to stay in parliament, then they must make the parliament truly sovereign and powerful.

This can be done by force. Militarism now threatens the parliament. A militaristic state is only nominally governed by parliament. And parliamentary Socialism must needs foster militarism.

There is only one way of attacking militarism, and that way is—Parliamentary Socialism plus force. This is political action. Force as a social factor is political action. Even international law recognizes that, by refusing to extradite political refugees. Only the Socialists, immersed in parliamentarism refused to recognize the great political factor—Force. And in proportion they were non-political Socialists.

All movements go through a period of inquiry and agitation followed by the period of action and realization. "At the beginning there was the word." And then came the act. Socialism has its period of theory and principle. Now it is becoming a deed. Through governmental Socialism and the Social Revolution, Socialism will become a reality.

As parliamentary Socialists, we will be on the wrong side of the Social revolution. As political Socialists we will act with the Social Revolution.

The signs of the approaching Social Revolution are multiplying on all sides. This war is not of capitalistic making. On the contrary. The chief count in the indictment against the capitalist state will be in not having prevented this war. Over this capitalism is now shedding tears of blood. It is the social energies overorganized, overstimulated, escaping the will, intent and control of man. Mankind became drunk with militarism and now acts the drunkard. The usual condition is reversed. Economic conflicts, racial antagonisms serve merely as pretexes. Militarism is itself the sufficient cause.

* * *

There is no seer who can read in the stars the future course of the war even one year ahead. It may suddenly come to an end in a stale-mate. But also it may continue and spread, involving practically all mankind. A sudden termina-

tion would be merely an armistice, with militarism rampant and dominating the world. A prolonged conflict may engulf civilization and liberty.

What shall be done?

The answer is—Act!

In this world crisis the Socialist movement must act. Or it is absolutely of no avail.

Socialist action must be political action in the full sense of the word. Against capitalist militarism the Socialists must oppose Socialist militancy. Aggression must be met by force.

To the capitalist appeal for the defense of the country, the Socialists must answer with an appeal for the defense of mankind.

The Third International must organize the Defense League of the Human Race.

It must call upon the millions to desert the standard of the militaristic Moloch and rally under the standard of Man. The rallying cry should be—Peace and Liberty! Death to Militarism!

It would be meaningless and futile to declare merely that we are opposed to war; that we desire to end the war.

We must act.

We must organize Peace and Liberty, as well, as efficiently, as War and Tyranny are organized. In parliament and out of parliament, wherever men congregate, we must sound the appeal for Peace and Liberty.

We must act.

Our action must be organized internationally. It will not do to call strikes in one country so as to help the militarism of another. It will not do to paralyze the military industries of the United States so as to help Germany. It will not do to strike for shorter hours in the Welsh mines and work twelve hours in the Westphalian mines. Strikes, destruction of ammunition, paralyzing of communications! And boldly to proclaim this policy in the halls of parliaments.

This is political action.

And if one must lay down his life, let him lay it down for Peace and Liberty, in the service of Mankind and Civilization.

The German Socialists, who have served War and Tyranny so well, will no doubt serve Peace and Liberty much better.

To them we look for initiative action.

Open Until Christmas

To oblige comrades in Chicago and vicinity our office will be open every Saturday afternoon till after the holidays.





THRESHING WHEAT

By NILS H. HANSON

“IT’S the guy with the rig that gets the dough,” is a statement often heard through the wheat country.

The most of the men, the real threshers, those who make the bundles—the pretty bouquets—jump from the shock to the straw-stack and elevator—those men, some of them at least, knew that also. They knew that for every \$3 or \$3.50 they earn their boss makes from six to eight dollars on each and every one of them. Yes, while they make their daily wage he makes his daily pile of from one to two hundred and fifty dollars.

A big 42 to 44 cylinder separator can crush out from three to four thousand bushels in one day. The “thresher” gets from 10 to 14 cents a bushel for wheat, and from six to eight cents for oats and barley. This holds good in the Dakotas where they thresh from the shock. In Kansas and Nebraska, where they thresh from the stack, somewhat lower price is paid, as only about one-third as big a crew can do that.

The pay per bushel differs somewhat on different places. It sometimes depends on the supply and demand of ma-

chines. If there are plenty of machines and poor crop the average might only be 10 cents a bushel. But if there is a heavy crop and machines are scarce, then the price might jump up to 14 cents a bushel, just to get other machines to move over there. I heard of at least one place in North Dakota that paid 14 cents, though most pay 10 and 12 cents.

The expenses of one of the biggest outfits will not go to more than \$150 a day—wear and tear of the machine also included; that is, of course, if the darn thing don’t go on strike, and give the men a rest too often during the day.

So we see that the owner of the outfit will clear more at an average than what he pays out in expenses. Sometimes he will clear nearly twice the amount of what running it amounts to. I know of one small machine (36-in. cylinder and eight bundle teams) that threshed 4,000 bushels of oats in one afternoon. Four thousands bushels at six cents a bushel makes \$240. A little oats was also threshed at six and will not go to much over fifty dollars. So there we see what Mr. Boss made in a few hours only.

I know another machine which threshed 92,000 bushels in 30 days. More than nine-tenths of this was wheat paying 10 cents in one town and 12 in another. A little oats was also threshed at six and eight cents a bushel, but if we average it up, will come very close if we figure the whole at ten cents a bushel. That makes \$9,200. The expenses of that rig was never more than \$140 a day, which makes \$4,200 and gives the Boss a little nice profit of \$5,000 in 30 days, while each of the men made a little over a hundred, at the rate of \$3.50 a day.

"Well," you say, "he has got to pay for the machinery." O, yes, let that be, but also remember that into the \$140 was figured \$15 a day to pay for the machine. And, knowing how long a separator and an engine lasts (that is if the job isn't too rotten altogether, because then it might not last but a few days) this is a rather round figure.

That this above mentioned "thresher" made about \$5,000 I know to be a fact because I happened to work for the farmer the last couple of days he was threshing. Of course he did not tell us how much he made. All he told us was how much they threshed in 30 days. The rest we could figure out for ourselves—besides that I happened to get the average expense a day from the separator man.

Besides this threshing the "thresher" usually owns anywhere from four and five hundred, to sometimes up to four and five thousand acres of land. Good many of them own more than one rig. Two big rigs might make \$10,000 in 30 days—for the boss.

Now, then, is it any wonder then that the threshing crews are beginning to kick—when they know how much the boss makes on them? Is it any wonder that they don't like to sleep in the barns and haystacks any longer, but are demanding a decent place where to rest their weary bones after a long and hard day's work? Is it any wonder that those "lousy threshers" are beginning to shake themselves—and have this year lined up by the thousands in the Agricultural Workers Organization of the I. W. W. They are beginning to feel that if it wasn't for the fact that they are robbed of what they

really make they wouldn't have to go hungry the greatest part of the year.

From Kansas to the Canada Border.

In order to be able to describe a few points from the life of those men who take up this kind of work, and in order that it may be more convincing I will mention a couple of my own experiences. I will try to bring out whatever might seem of interest—not only to the migratory worker but also to those who never yet worked by the light of "farmer's sun" (the moon) or by the shimmering glimmer of a burning straw-stack.

The best place I got a job in was Philipsburg, Kansas. It was the best because there were just then very few men, but quite a few farmers wanting men—that evening I went there. There were as many as fifteen farmers looking for from one to four and five men each, and there were only about five men ready to go out and get sun-baked in a header-box.

"How much you pay? How many hours you work? How do you sleep out there?" and a good many other questions were put to the farmers which all were answered quite satisfactorily. It was just about the most ideal town I happened to run against as far as getting a job. The grain was ripe and somehow hardly any men at all happened to be around just then. The wages were from \$3 up to in some instances \$3.50 and \$4 for ten to twelve hours' work.

In talking about hours I heard one farmer come into town in Philipsburg and say, "I've got a *helewa* good man out there; he's a damn good worker, but he won't work but eight hours." Take that as a hint and *don't work but eight hours a day* next year.

Taken at an average the Kansas farmer is, I believe, more of a human being than what the Dakotans are. I worked in Kansas a week and there I slept in the best bed in the house, and was treated comparatively fairly. In North Dakota, up to the Canada line—as well as the other side the line, too, of course—the hay-stack or cold tent, an old barn or a filthy vermin-infested bunk-car is good enough for the "pesky go-about" who takes up the harvesting or threshing.

So we see there is a little difference between the people and the conditions in

different states. In leaving California with its rotten bundle-of-a-bedding-on-the-back-policy and coming to Kansas sleeping in a good bed in the house it feels a little different. But as soon as one keeps on going north it soon changes again. Already in Nebraska it seems to be a little different. Although they let you sleep in the house the atmosphere seems to be changing.

I worked in Nebraska *one whole* day. But that Nebraska farmer wanted us to stack bundles—to throw the bundles up about four stories high on *one* egg each meal. But nix on that. I swear I could eat from four to six instead of only one. But there were only five eggs on the table, and there were five of us to eat. Out of the five eggs I grabbed two one meal and three at another, but that didn't help. Next meal there were only five eggs again. And the next morning the two hired men (I and one other, who, by the way, paid \$2.50 for a card out of the \$3 he made) walked down the road, cussing the farmer's one-egg-a-piece-a-meal and four stories high bundle stacks.

Going north we soon found that most all the men were drawing themselves towards the Dakotas. Nobody seemed to like the Nebraska stacking. And can you blame 'em if they didn't get but one egg each meal like we did? The cost of the eggs at that time was 12 cents a dozen.

On the way northwards as many as three and four hundred men on one freight train was no unusual sight. Neither was the daily hold-ups and shootings, etc., anything unusual. Another thing which was perhaps a little more unusual was that the I. W. W. sticker could be seen everywhere. In one little town in South Dakota, its inhabitants woke up one morning and found the bank, courthouse, sheriff's office and the whole town nicely decorated. Of course the paper in that great burg as well as its "honorable citizens" thought that the I. W. W. was about to take charge of the town.

A little northwest of Minot is a town which for some time was surrounded by thirty deputy sheriffs waiting and watching for the I. W. W.'s coming to take charge of the town. But in the meantime those awfully feared, hated and bespatted wobbles were organizing on the job—

sending in applications and fees for dozens of members through the post-office of that same town. The deputies only guarded the town, and not the threshing machines (and they couldn't pitch bundles with clubs and guns if they wanted to) nor even the bundles for the go-about-cat.

In a good many other places the powers-that-be had arrested the men and driven them out of town if they suspected that there were any of those "dangerous agitators" among them. But steadily hundreds of delegates have initiated member after member, and by the time all the threshing is over there will be at least 3,000 new members lined up through the harvest country this season.

The chief of police in Minot, N. D., for instance, thought that he would stop the organizing by giving a few of us ten days in the chain-gang. And a good many have served thirty days in different towns. Some chiefs have had their thugs out after the organizers—but all in vain. The more arresting and the more brutalities handed out to the slaves the more discontented have they become.

This year they have raised the wages from fifty cents to a dollar more a day. They have shortened the hours from one to three hours a day—in many instances. They have shown the farmers and threshing bosses that they must pay *more* if they want the grain harvested or threshed. They have raised a general cry of discontent, sounding its echo into the polished chambers of the big landlords; into the drawing rooms of the business men and the commercial clubs. They have shown that *in organization there is strength* even when it comes to be worked out up in the wilderness of the great big, wide and endless prairies of North Dakota.

This year there were about two hundred delegates; next year let it be one or two thousands of them and then the result shall be so much greater. We must remember that for every step that is taken it brings us so much closer to the goal, that goal when we will be thoroughly organized, organized so that we will be able to get a slice of that \$5,000 the threshing boss skins off our backs inside of a short period of 30 days.

There is no hold-back in this—if the workers only want to do it. Anyone sleeping in a haystack after having done a hard day's work, as they do in North Dakota, ought to feel that there should be something done—especially on such mornings as it is a freezing temperature, with snow on the ground.

Nearly every year there is some grain left somewhere both in North Dakota and in Canada, which has to stand in the shock over the winter—because many men leave as soon as the snow comes, and it is impossible to invite them to come back. But, believe me, if they had a warm and clean bed waiting for them, and a good five dollars a day for ten hours' work, then there would be all kinds of men who wouldn't leave because of the snow nor anything else. But as long as those "crummy hoboes" have to work night and day for a comparatively small wage and sleep outside, and always be in a rotten condition and environment—that long will it also be hard to keep them when the snow comes.

However, this can only be done by the workers themselves. They themselves must force their employers to come through with what they need—more pay, shorter hours, better food and a good, clean bed to sleep in. And if they don't come through fold your arms and use

the best methods you know in order to make their boss lose money and see that it is a losing game to fight labor.

The Industrial Workers of the World has become a menace to the grain growers all through the middle states. Never before have they had their hands so full as they have had this year. In Kansas they have tried out a new invention; a "header" which threshes the grain as it goes along and can be operated with two men and eight horses. This invention, so says the papers, will do away with the great clarion call of fifty thousand harvest hands every year, as the farmers can operate that machine without any outside help at all. In North Dakota they are going to have negroes next year. All this because the harvesters and threshing crews have at last begun to fight for more wages and better conditions.

But we shouldn't take such *bluffs* seriously. When next season comes the farmers all through the grain belt will wear their usual smile when they see the freight trains loaded down with men, coming from far away to help them with their grain. And that will be the time to come back on them with a much bigger and a much more serious bluff—a demand for *twice as high wages as they ever paid before*.

A NEW CHAPTER IN INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

By J. A. Macdonald

THIS is the story of the success of the Agricultural Workers' organization. This story is not finished, it cannot be till the doomed industrial system of today has also been damned and overthrown. It is the story of the moving of the propaganda of revolutionary industrial unionism from the open forum and the street corner, to the primary theater of the industrial revolution—the job.

The wise men of the labor movement—generally too wise to work—the philosophers of the easy chair and the big salary,

said the migratory worker could not be organized. They said the work was too casual. A union for them would have to be too migratory. It would have to have its office in a box car.

The I. W. W. said that the labor organization which could become a permanent factor in American industrialism must start at the bottom and work up, instead of starting at the top and working down. The wise men said the members of the Industrial Workers of the World were not philosophers, they were working men and

consequently did not know anything of the labor movement. The idea of a workingman, and especially a migratory worker, contradicting the labor leaders was preposterous—to the labor leaders. It was a glaring infringement on the right of leaders to do the thinking of the working class. But was there ever a philosophy which could overthrow a fact. The A. W. O. is the proof that the "Hoboes" were correct and the labor leaders wrong.

On the fifteenth of last April a number of members of the Industrial Workers of the World got together at Kansas City, Mo. The attendance would have been greater only that a large number of "The Hoboes" were in jail at Sioux City. Thirteen of these workers, dreamers of a system of society not founded on loot or murder, got a charter for Local 400 of the I. W. W. under the name of the A. W. O. Again preposterous! These thirteen banded together to organize every worker in the agricultural industry of the world. The unmitigated nerve of these thirteen throwing the gauntlet and declaring war to the death against the financial interests of this primary industry, entrenched behind laws that have been the product of centuries of outrage! With no treasury they declared war against the millions of dollars robbed from the agricultural workers. They declared war against their own money, which had been stolen from them. Perhaps never in the history of the world was there a war more unequal, or a success to the surface student of the labor movement, more unexpected.

The *Kansas City Star*, endeavoring to help the agricultural capitalists, and the various parasites who prey indirectly on that basic industry, sounded a warning cry that resounded throughout the nation. It helped the farmers by scaring them to death. Yellow exaggeration, it said the I. W. W. was going to concentrate in the state of Kansas with 30,000 members. They were going to destroy all the separators, burn all the harvest fields and put dynamite into all the shocks. The membership of the A. W. O. laughed and the farmers trembled.

The members of the A. W. O. did not intend to destroy the separators, or burn the fields; they needed both. They would not put dynamite into the shocks as they intended to be at the machine when the bundles went into it, and they were not anxious

to go to heaven, not even with farmers as company.

Dynamite could not have done as effective work as did the capitalist papers, unconsciously and unintentionally.

Advertised by the Capitalist press, *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* and all the other radical papers and magazines, men with actual first hand knowledge of the conditions in the harvest field applied to Secretary Nef of the Agricultural Workers' Organization for credentials as delegates. They went on the job and gained the friendship of the unorganized, instead of using a campaign of abuse. They showed them the logically inevitable, that the millions of dollars worth of standing grain in the state of Kansas was not worth one cent, except through the application of their labor power. They said—rank treason—that the proper time to strike was without notice when the grain was ripe.

Like a prairie fire, or the snow ball which starts at the top of the mountain and gathering power in geometric ratio becomes an avalanche, this great working class movement spread. The material interest—the selfishness of the dispossessed, dictated organization. Strikes were pulled off, the farmers already frightened automatically, raised wages. The farmers through these began paying more wages and the working class began joining the union of their class, thus building a treasury for further victories.

The theater of war was moved in box cars from the harvest fields of Kansas to the harvest fields of Dakota. The working class began to see the harvest fields in the light of the industrial democracy to be. 174 delegates, inspired with the enthusiasm of past victories, became more insistent in their demands that the working class, through organization, help the boss to set the wages and hours. Repeatedly one member of the A. W. O. has gone on the job and within one week all the workers would be wearing the button on the job. With the newly-found nerve that is the result of organization, they would, as one man, tell the boss that ten hours was enough and too much, that three dollars or three and a half was too small, as they would need pork chops next winter. They wanted three good meals and were willing to tell the cook what to order. They wanted a lunch in the morn-

ing and a lunch in the afternoon. If the coffee was not good they told the boss a bunch of their class brothers in the Agricultural Industry in Brazil were raising good coffee, to be sure and get some. Inspired by their example, workers on other machines would join the organization that brought the kind of results they could eat.

The average "harvest stiff," not being a fool, when he sees that organization means better wages, inevitably joins. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,000 have in this way lined up in the A. W. O. in the past three months. Exact figures are at the present impossible to obtain as members are coming in so fast that the overestimate of today is the underestimate of tomorrow.

Coming back with more money than usual and good clothing, did the warrior off the firing line want to lay off for the winter? One whom the writer questioned, said: "I am going to take a long vacation after we have overthrown the capitalist system." A strong wage-raising, hour-lowering organization in the lumber industry is the immediate aim of the A. W. O., with job control, a closed shop and an open union for the harvest fields of the continent next fall in the background.

Back from the harvest, the membership had a blow-out that will make the 14th, 15th and 16th of November red-letter days in the story of the revolutionary movement. At Minneapolis on the fourteenth a gigantic mass meeting was held at Pence Auditorium with W. D. Haywood as principal speaker. Here, "The Hoboes," with a mission, drafted a bunch of resolutions showing

their movement to be international in scope and world conquering in aim. They sent a resolution to the I. W. W. of Australia endorsing the action of Secretary Barker of the I. W. W. administration there. They next, enthusiastically, with hats in the air, and with some eyes tear-filled, endorsed the nobility of the true revolutionists of Europe, who chose persecution and death rather than murder their class brothers.

On the fifteenth and sixteenth the great mass meeting of the A. W. O. democracy was held. It was decided to immediately move on the big timber and the orange harvest fields of California. Delegates were sent out to work on the various jobs thus getting the boss to pay organization expenses. A strong organization committee, three of them lumberjacks, was elected and the A. W. O., like Tom Brown's body, goes marching on.

On the evening of the fifteenth a big smoker was held. In it was prefigured the drama of the future. The dramatists were members of the I. W. W. The actors were members of the I. W. W., and the audience were members of the I. W. W. Throughout, enthusiasm ran high and the movement started without treasury and almost without membership, is the most promising factor in the industry of today. Few there are who doubt it will be a great and vital part of the industrial democracy of the future civilization, without master or slave. Its lesson is that the working class will organize. Its story the story of when the I. W. W. took jobitis.



—From the New York Call.
JOHN D.'S IDEA OF A SAFE UNION.

A BILLION-DOLLAR BULWARK

By Edmund R. Brumbaugh

AT last our fears may take to flight. No dreadful enemy will dare to descend upon us. The Stars and Stripes—and Rockefeller—are safe from molestation. A billion-dollar defense program seems assured, and, according to our peace-loving, scholarly president, Woodrow Wilson, it will prove a mighty bulwark.

A billion dollars to buy security for the people! What a fantastic mingling of comedy and tragedy! Is it to be security from want? No. Security from ignorance? No. Security from excessive toil? No. Security from shame for working girls forced to slave for starvation wages? No. Yet want and ignorance and excessive toil and shame are the enemies that have not only threatened, but have darkened and shortened the lives of the people for centuries.

The security promised is security from war—if other nations will peacefully submit to us. Surely richer humor never graced the pages of "Puck," and our sides would split with laughter, were it not for the ghastly events that may ensue. Germany provided such security, and France and England, and Russia, and Austria, and Italy; and today the plains of Europe run red with the blood of her strongest and best. They sowed "preparation"; they are reaping a fearful harvest.

Great God! (I write in all reverence). Is there no lesson herein for the American people? Indeed there is, and we should let it sink deep into our souls, lest we, too, become involved in the Great Calamity.

The people must make no mistake on the question of "preparation." "Preparation against war" is preparation for war. Eloquence cannot dignify it; religion cannot sanctify it; and logic cannot justify it. Preparation for war is preparation for a carnival of crime. Preparation for war is preparation for poverty, reducing to the level of beasts the laborers of the

land. Preparation for war is preparation for all its horrors, for families robbed of fathers and brothers and sons, for death in a thousand hideous forms, for life that is full of woe and weakness and suffering that words can never express.

Let us face the truth. The patriotism that inspires the plea for increased armaments is born of lust for profit. Back of the fervor for "preparation" is determination for dividends though blood and tears stain every stock certificate. The billion-dollar defense program, widespread commendation notwithstanding, is alone for the defense of markets essential to enrich the buyers and sellers of the means of life, the masters and robbers of the working class.

No discerning person will fail to detect the deception being practiced. Every sincere lover of peace will fight it with all his power. Ruling class parasites have already done too much to make this world a hell for their personal aggrandizement. Their work must be brought to an end, their influence sunk into insignificance. Universal, permanent peace demands it.

I do not doubt that such will come to pass. Deception is a structure on sand, a giant with bones of wax. The exploiters of labor, with all their wealth and their age-long contempt for human life, cannot bribe in the least or pervert for a moment great economic forces. Sooner or later a rising tide of intelligence will sweep deception away; exploiter will yield to exploited and all be workers together in plenty and peace. Skeptical, dollar-dwarfed souls may sneer at the vision and "the powers that be" try to bring it to naught, but theirs is the pride that precedes a fall. The future will show their folly, the light of the new day dawning reveal the depth of their degradation.

SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE

A Hell of a Job!

By HARRISON GEORGE

NEXT to Billy Sunday, the United States leads the world in the production of brimstone, known as sulphur when pulverized. The Rev. B. S. states that *his* hell contains an inexhaustible supply of this substance, produced by the Almighty for the delectation of the damned. Anyhow, as a promoter of the natural resources of Hades, he and his kind have made it pay even better than the capitalists who exploit labor in the sulphur mines of the west and south.

Brimstone is obtained from soft ore bodies, usually in volcanic regions; although its connection with volcanic action is unknown. Perhaps it seeps up from the evangelist's hell via the volcanic route. In the United States the discovered bodies lie chiefly in Louisiana, Wyoming, Texas and Utah.

The utilization of chemicals in industry has caused an enormous demand for sulphur products in the last few decades, although its existence was known to the ancients, and it was used to some extent at least during the middle ages for burning the bowels out of heretics and like pleasantries.

Outside its ordinary uses, including sugar refining, sheep-dip and tree-spray, etc., the derivatives of sulphur figure in the manufacture of explosives, and the sulphur mines of America are now running day and night to supply the direct-political action argument in progress over-sea.

Up till the later nineties Sicily led the world in sulphur production. The Sicilian method was delightfully simple and painfully wasteful. They just piled the ore in pits and set fire to it and what didn't burn ran to the bottom and was saved.

In America they have improved upon this by adopting the retort method for quarry or shaft mined ore, and the

French system of well-mining for deep-lying ore bodies, as in Louisiana.

By this method a well is driven as for oil or gas into the ore stratum. The well is then lined with four lines of pipe of different diameters, the outer being ten inches and the smallest in the center, one inch in diameter. Superheated air and water are forced down the outer pipe, melting the sulphur in the ore body. This semi-liquid mass, which runs into the sump or depression at well-base is then forced out the intermediate pipes, by hot air sent down the one inch pipe under pressure. Upon reaching the surface it is run into vats, where it hardens quickly. This is brimstone, which, when ground is the common commercial sulphur.

In the Wyoming mines the retort process is used, as the ore is taken from the quarries and shafts. It is loaded upon especially constructed cars and four cars at once are sent into a large retort, where steam is turned on the mass. The melting sulphur is drawn into vats and the waste stays in the cars to be sent to the dump.

In the pulverizing mill the worker runs a continuous handicap with sudden death as impurities cause frequent explosions in the grinder, shattering timbers and wage-slaves, firing the sulphur and generating gas a few breaths of which will put one out of commission.

For all this hard and hazardous work the sulphur slaves are paid at the same rate as un-skilled labor in the different localities. Workers of all races and nations sweat and swear side by side as in the other industries. And in bunk-houses that almost equal a pig's boudoir they sleep, these sulphur slaves; sleep, smoke and talk—talk of the work, the wages and the war.

Upon these topics Joe and I were talking one day while outside the bunk-house, the sulphur smell contended with the pungent odor of desert sage in the

crystal air of the Wyoming mountains. Joe had confessed to a previous acquaintanceship with the *One Big Union* obtained in an eastern factory.

Joe was from the south of Europe and was fixing his shoes. He now punctuated his remarks with an up-raised hammer, "Socialista in ol' countree go crazy

like hell. Biga man say 'defend.' Defenda what? I lika know. I don't know what Unit' State socialista 'tink, but da I-doubl-doubl-u's say, 'Defenda home? Defenda hell.' I t'ing ma job same like that 'home;' shovel brima-stone alla night. Job jus' lika hell, hell jus' lika job."

RAILROAD-MEN'S PROSPERITY

By A Railroad Man

SINCE the arbitration of the demands of the engineers and firemen employed on Western railroads, several articles have been written in regard to the dissatisfaction of railroad men with arbitration in general, which is now considered analogous with bunk.

The railroad man is waking up, but rather late in the day, as there is still a large per cent of the men that attribute the lack of employment to "hard times," when the fact is there is more tonnage moved at the present time than in any previous year. A large proportion of the tonnage is moved to the Panama Canal. According to the Government reports, nearly a million tons have passed through the canal during the first six months of operation, and it is reasonable to assume that the tonnage passing through the canal will increase as new routes are established. The effect it will have on the railroads cannot yet be estimated, one railroad showing a large decrease during the first month of the canal operation.

The loss to the railroad men is also considerable, since by adding the weight of the cars required to transport the tonnage, which is at least twenty-five per cent, it would divide among five hundred trains of two thousand five hundred tons each, and presuming the average miles at three thousand miles, it would mean a loss of fifteen thousand days' work for an entire train crew, or seventy-five thousand days' work.

Another great factor is the large power which is being introduced, the C. M. & St. P. R. R. receiving the first con-

signment of fifty electric engines, calculated to haul as much as seven L2s, the largest power in use on their road in the vicinity of Chicago. These fifty electrics alone will displace three hundred engineers, the same number of conductors and firemen and six hundred brakemen, so that the loss of employment, through the electrification of all roads, which is inevitable in order to enable the R. R. companies to compete with the canal, cannot be estimated.

Many of the men are under the impression that the railroads are losing money, but it is safe to say that they are getting theirs, as the average cost per mile is less than eight mills, and the lowest rate on coal is double that amount, it is easy to see that their earnings are exceptionally large, and it is but reasonable that the men understanding the situation should insist on getting their share.

The joint board of one big western road is now in session in Chicago, and the assessments levied to defray the expenses incurred up to date have amounted to nine dollars. About twenty-five hundred men are affected by this order; some of these men have been demoted (or put back) to firing, and some have refused to pay the last assessment, which will result in their dismissal from the B. of L. E. But that is not out of the ordinary, as the report in the October magazine records 85 deaths, 9 withdrawals and 53 expulsions. This is the average report for a month, with no material in sight to recruit from.

The B. of L. E. is practically doomed, and probably dead already, as they have found it necessary to erect their monument in the form of a building in Cleveland, Ohio.



HUNTING AN ECHO

Stories of the Cave People

By MARY E. MARCY

TO the Cave People, dreams were chief among the great mysteries. None of the strange occurrences of the world about them, so filled them with wonder and awe, as the deeds they performed and the adventures they encountered while their bodies lay wrapped in sleep. Often it was difficult for them to separate the dream from the world of reality. This may account for the reports of those anthropologists who charge savage tribes with being the most amazing liars in the world. It may be that some of these primitive men and women have merely related the remarkable exploits of their dreams which they were not always able to distinguish clearly from their actual experiences.

Often a Cave Man might go forth alone in the night, and after traveling a journey of many suns, slay fearlessly all the members of a hostile tribe, while he slept securely in his cave. But when he reported his dream adventures to his

wife, she refused often to believe them. Whenever she stirred during the night, she had found him at her side. Or perhaps she had groaned through the long darkness, with the colic that comes from too much eating of the early fruit. This she made known to the dreamer. Indeed he had slumbered peacefully through all her trouble!

Again, when a Cave Dweller fell asleep beside his brothers and dreamed of dispatching the sabre-toothed tiger with a single blow, the whole tribe was ready to assure him, in the language of the Cave People, that he had not moved from his resting place, but had slept continually. This was all very strange.

When the fire dashed through the sky, during a storm, or the waters of the river climbed up over the banks and flooded the woods, they were not so wonderful as these dream things.

Many men and women of the tribe had closed their eyes in the long sleep, but

when the Cave People slumbered, the dead came back again, to journey and hunt the forests with their brothers and sisters. And so, in time, the Cave People came to believe that their friends, who had deserted the body, still lived. That they had, themselves, fought and hunted while their bodies slept, the Cave People well knew, and that the dead come back again, they knew also, for they had seen and spoken with them in their dream journeyings.

This was the origin of the idea of spirit, at first only dim and confused but gathering strength as the years rolled away. The seed of the idea of immortality sprang also from the dreams of primitive man. Though the sabretoothed tiger devoured a brother he would surely return again. They had seen these things with their own eyes, in dreams.

The Cave People saw also their shadows that followed where they went, moving slowly when they walked, and swiftly when they ran, keeping ever at their sides.

When a Cave Man gazed into the river, always a face looked back at him, and the other members of the tribe told him he saw his own image. This also was very strange. If he journeyed as far as the great canyon, and sent his voice echoing among the big rocks, a call came bounding back to him, although there was no other man there. Gradually he came to believe the cry was the voice of a spirit and that the face he had seen in the waters of the river was the face of a spirit also.

To all things the Cave People attributed animation. To them everything was alive. Young trees were the children of big trees and great stones were the fathers of small stones. Little they spoke of these things, for their words were few and it is impossible to tell many things in a gesture language. Danger and confusion they saw everywhere, for the whole world was filled with happenings they could not understand.

Many seasons had passed since they had found the Fire beast eating up the trees in the woods. The small blaze they had kept alive in the Hollow had died

long before, when Quack Quack forgot to feed it. In these days the Fire flashed only through the heavens during a storm. Strong Arm had been able to call it by striking a sharp stone against the rock before his cave. When the darkness came on and he struck the rock swiftly, a small spark fell. Again and again the Cave People saw these sparks. But so quickly were they gone that no man or woman was able to catch them, or to feed them the dead leaves they had brought.

At this time Big Nose made a great discovery. He had chased a fat lizard over the rocks and had seen it disappear into the hollow of a tree that lay prone on the river bank. Immediately he poked violently with a long rod of bamboo, in order to drive the lizard out. To him the fresh flesh of the lizard was sweeter than any other meat.

On removing the rod, Big Nose found the end of it warm. From one side to the other, Big Nose tipped his brown head, like a great monkey, in an effort to understand this new experience. Then he trotted off to make known these things to the tribe.

Soon all the Cave People gathered around the dead tree, chattering curiously. Big Nose thrust the bamboo rod into the hollow trunk and pulled it out again. But this time it was not warm. The friction of the bamboo rubbed violently against the dry wood of the tree had caused the heat before, but Big Nose did not know this.

For a long time the Cave People chattered and gesticulated about the tree while Big Nose continually made the fire sign, waving his fingers upward, like smoke arising. One by one all the Cave People threw themselves upon their bellies and gazed into the hollow trunk. But they saw nothing.

At last Big Nose again thrust the bamboo into the tree, this time angrily, jamming it in and out with all the strength of his great arms. And the end of the rod came forth warm again. Then every member of the tribe must have his turn in thrusting. Each one sought to outdo his fellows in the frenzy of his movements.

Meanwhile the end of the rod had

worn away, leaving a soft inflammable saw-dust in the old tree. And when Light Foot sent the rod in and out sharply with her strong, brown arms, the end of the bamboo came forth smoking.

A flood of excited chatterings greeted her success and the Cave People cried "Food! Food!" which was the word they used for "eat" also. For they thought the Fire (within the tree) had begun to eat the bamboo rod. Many of them ran about gathering dry leaves to feed the Fire.

When the rod came forth at last, with its end a dull glow, Light Foot laid it on the rocks in the dead leaves. A soft breeze came from the river and coaxed the embers into a blaze. And the Cave People jabbered frantically as they gathered brush and wood.

Often they threw themselves on the rocks to gaze in wonder into the hollow tree. But many of them believed Light Foot had driven the Fire from the tree trunk, just as they had often forced out the lizard.

Thus for the first time in the memory of the tribe, a fire was kindled. And the hand of the maiden, Light Foot, had worked the miracle. The Cave People laughed and danced and sat in the Hollow long into the darkness; for security came with the Fire and their forest enemies were afraid.

But a time came when great rains fell and the Fire died away with every drop. And Strong Arm gathered a brand and carried it into his cave. But the smoke from the burning choked him and forced him out. Then he carried the Fire to the hollow of a tree that towered very high, and he fed the Fire in this hollow. There it lived for many suns, eating slowly into the tree trunk on one side.

* * * * *

The Sun saw many strange mysteries on the day when the Cave People first came upon the great canyon. It was during the period of the year that comes before the season of plenty.

Keen hunger assailed every living thing and sent them forth, sharp-eyed into the forest. The wild hog grew strong and wary from the struggles of the hard and meagre days. The green snakes hidden away, waited continually

for the small forest folk to run into their coils. The lank black bear grew bold and desperate with the hunger passion and the Cave People acquired a new skill in hunting.

Beside the strength of their forest enemies, they were weak indeed. But armed with their long, sharp bone weapons, and a wonderful cunning, they fought in all their numbers and were able to triumph over the animals of the forest.

With eyes keen and tense hands gripping their weapons, they followed the trail of the black bear which led them through strange ways. At the breaking of a twig, they paused. And no falling leaf escaped them. Sounds they made none, as they slipped through the deep woods, one before the other.

At last they came to an open space, where the trees ceased to grow and where the tracks of the bear were lost in a rocky way. Beyond them lay the canyon, which had been once the bed of a river. Only the waters of the spring rains lay in the hollows of the rocks that lined its bottom.

Here the Cave People halted, for they knew not which way the black bear had taken, nor how to follow her. As they separated to seek further for her tracks, no word was spoken. Only Strong Arm gave a low grunt of approval, as his comrades departed.

Then, in the silence of the old world, it came, the strange voice echoing down the great canyon, grunting in the tones of Strong Arm! The whole tribe heard it and they paused, motionless, while their eyes swept the canyon for him who had spoken. But they saw no one.

Silently they gathered together, with weapons raised. But the stillness remained unbroken. Then Strong Arm raised his voice in a soft "Wough!" And in his own tone, the Echo answered him, "Wough!"

It was very strange. The Cave People could not understand. But they forgot the black bear and sent their voices ringing down the great canyon. Came again the echo, in many tones, back to them.

Then a great chattering arose among them, and even as they spoke, the chatterings of many voices arose from the canyon.

"Wough-ee!" said the Cave People. And they gave a sign in the gesture language, for they thought the sounds were the voices of their enemies, the Hairy Folk.

With great caution they departed to the point whence the sounds had come. Not boldly, but by varied paths they made their way, slowly, concealing themselves behind the rocks and the trees as they progressed. Long they hunted, one and all, but no man they found, nor any signs of man, and they returned at length to the mouth of the great canyon.

Again their voices rang down the bed of the old river, this time defiantly. And the Echoes replied once more, challenging them. The Cave People grew angry and the search was continued, but they

found no one. And they were compelled to return to their caves in the Hollow with hearts heavy with wrath against the Hairy Folk.

Often they returned to the great canyon, bearing their bone weapons. There they remained long in hiding, awaiting the advent of the enemy, till at last they learned no one was there. Then the mystery grew more strange, for no man could tell whence came the voices that replied to them.

But there came a time when the Cave People believed that these cries were the voices of the spirits that came to hunt with them, in their dream journeyings. No longer were they afraid. Only a great awe filled them and much wonder concerning these things.

LO! THE POOR CONSUMER!

By Jack Morton

THERE are some people who are always wailing about the high prices charged the "poor consumer." They are concerned for fear that the "consumer" will not get all the good things of life. They want the "rights of the consumer" to be conserved and they don't want the working class to get higher wages or shorter hours for fear the "poor consumer" might have to pay more for his shoes or his clothes, his automobiles or his railroad journeys.

But the revolutionist is not at all concerned with the "consumer." We are perfectly willing to draw a charmed circle around the workers and all the good things of life which they have produced and shut out everybody else except the children, the sick and the aged until they are willing to render some actual *service* of some kind to society.

How much should a man consume? How much should he be entitled to consume? George Bernard Shaw says that all men and women who perform some useful function in society should enjoy equality of income, and many people agree with him. But some folks *want*

to produce more than other folks and *want* to consume more than other people.

When a man or woman enjoys working ten hours a day, in which he produces twice as much as his comrade who desires to work only five hours a day, the man who works double time, and produces twice as much as his fellow workers, should receive the value of the things he has produced. He may want to produce much this year in order to be able to loaf much next year. He may desire to produce much in order to *consume* or to *give* much.

The Consumer

The capitalist newspapers talk about "producers" and "consumers" as though they were two distinct classes. Every producer must be a consumer, must eat his meals, have clothing and shelter or he will be unable to work. The working class, or producing class, the group of men and women who actually produce all the wonderful, beautiful and necessary things in the world, is able to consume only a small portion of the things *they produce* because the wages they receive

are so much lower than the value of the shoes they make, the houses they build, the hauling they do, or the food they produce.

You garment workers cannot buy the \$800.00 worth of suits you made last week with your \$200 or \$150 in wages. You miners cannot buy the \$1,000 worth of copper or coal you have dug out of the earth with your \$300 in wages. You *produce* what your *boss gets* and you *consume* only the small amount your wages will buy.

The trouble is that your employers *take* your products, or else, as in the case of the railroads, they charge a price for hauling things and pay you only a meagre portion of the value of the service you *railroad men* perform. The wages you workers receive are only a small part of the value you produce, or of the service you render.

I know several automobile workers, and several stockholders in automobile companies. The workingmen, who make all the machines, receive about \$25.00 a week in wages. The stockholders, who do not work and perform no useful function, receive from their capital investment from \$10,000 to several hundred thousand dollars a year.

The few capitalists, who do nothing, are able to use or to buy more than they can possibly consume, because they have *taken* the wealth *we* have made. We producers are able to consume only poor meals, cheap clothing, and have to live in small flats and unhealthy tenements because we accept *wages* instead of demanding the whole value of the things we make, or of the services we render.

It is the people who live on Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue, or the Lake Shore Drive and in the exclusive residence districts who have money to buy much, or to consume much—these people who produce nothing.

It is the steel mill, the cotton mill and factory workers, the farm hands and garment workers, the building construction workers, the railroad men, the miners and shopmen who produce much—serve much—perform useful functions, and who receive so small a portion of the value of their products that they can consume little.

A small capitalist, who draws \$10,000 a year dividends from a steel mill investment, once declared in our hearing that he favored Government Ownership of the Railroads, provided the railroad rates would then be only the actual cost of running the roads. He thought this would help the poor consumers.

But this would not be Industrial Democracy! This would not mean Socialism! We are not concerned with the consumer but with the railroad workers. Revolutionists do not think about lowering prices or railroad rates. We want to give the railroad men the entire value of the service they perform, only about one-fourth of which they now receive.

We don't want to cut the price of coal. We want to see the miners getting the entire value of the coal they dig instead of one-fifth of the value of their products. And so on down the line.

We desire commodities to exchange for the necessary social labor time contained in them and we desire the workers to receive the full value for these commodities—so that the workers who produce eight hours of value will be paid for eight hours instead of for three or two, as they now do.

We wish to see men and women *consume* according to their products. We intend to abolish the wages and profit system, to eliminate the profit-takers and see them join the army of producers who will themselves receive the full value of the goods they make, or of the services they render to society.

A commodity—a pair of shoes, a coat, a ham or a bedstead will then represent so many hours of necessary *labor* and it will exchange for commodities containing an *equal* amount of necessary *labor*. The worker will receive the value of his product instead of wages and there will be nothing left for the profit-takers.

Then the man who produces a \$50.00 product will receive \$50.00 and be able to *consume* \$50.00 products in turn, and the able-bodied man or woman who refuses to perform some useful function in society, or for society, will be unable to live in luxury or in comfort on the wealth made by the working class.

"HE'S GONE TO THE WAR"

By Bernard Gilbert

He's gone to the war, he's gone to the war,
I doant care a rap if I see him noa more.
He lethered me reglar, Saturday night
When he collared his wages and allers got tight,
I'm sure I prefer to be single by far,
Now he's gone to the war, now he's gone to the war.

His wages was thirteen and sixpence a week,
Wi' extry in harvest, but that was to seek
A cottage—nowt else—made up all our paay,
And when you've ten childer that's not much a daay.
He gev me nine shillings, it didn't goa far,
But now I have plenty—he's gone to the war.

A little bit more'n a shilling a daay
To feed 'em and cloathe 'em and bills for to paay;
The grocer he hated me going to shop,
And as for the butcher—we lived upon sop!
Water and bread, water and bread,
On plenty of water our childer was fed.

We was allers in debt coz we couldn't keep out,
Except at the pub, where noa credit's about.
If I wanted to find him I knawed where to go,
He would be at the "Bull" wi' his mates in a row;
I slaved at my work while he sung in the bar,
But I'm getting it back now—he's gone to the war.

The sarjint popped in and he saw half a dozen—
Our Tom, Arthur Bates, Willie Jones, and his cousin.
"There's plenty of vittles, and little to do,
"Wi' a suit of good clothes and an overcoat, too."
They all joined together to have a last drink,
And that sarjint he snapped 'em afore they could wink.

He telled me about it; I said nowt the while,
I had to look solemn and try not to smile,
Because I should get—in the paper I seed—
Nearly two quid a week, and noa husband to feed!
"You can send me a quid and then save on the rest."
I nodded my head and said that would be best.

"Each week you can send it, I'll leave my address,
"And when the war's done I'll come back to you, Bess."
Soa off he went smiling to Lincoln full sail,

Wi' cheering and shouting and plenty of ale.
I cried till he'd gone, then set off for to seek
The man what was handing out two quid a week.

Two quid a week, two quid a week!
Who wouldn't sell husbands for two quid a week!
Noa drink and noa bother, noa quarrelsome brutes,
What's nasty and dirty and sleeps in their boots.
I pretended to cry but I laughed in my cheek,
I'd swap forty husbands for two quid a week.

He come hoam on Satd'y the colour of chalk,
They'd very nigh killed him, to judge by his talk;
He'd marched and he'd sweated wi' noa chanch to shirk,
Not since he was born had he done soa much work;
He cried like a babby to get in the door,
And when it was Monday, he cried all the more.

He's gone to the war, he's gone to the war,
I shan't care a rap if I see him noa more.
Ten childer is plenty to take your attention,
Though sewing-machines is a useful invention;
I can buy owt I want wi' noa husband to keep,
I'm as happy as happy on two quid a week.

There's nobbut one trouble as bothers me now,
And that's how much longer them Germans can go?
They've stood it a year aand my childer looks grand,
We've clothes and we've boots and we've money in hand;
If the war should stop now it would be most distressing,
For one thing is certain: it's just been a blessing.

If anything happens I draw on a pension,
Not two quid a week, but it's still worth attention.
Of course, if the war would keep on a few years,
I shouldn't be bothering then wi' noa fears;
There would be enough saved to flit out of this Fen,
And when Tom come hoam he could marry agen.

There niver was knawn such good times for to be;
Wi' two quid a week I'm in clover you see,
Every now and agen Tom writes hoam for his quid,
Says he'll niver come back if I doan't do his bid,
But I doan't care a rap if I see him noa more,
He can stop where he is now he's gone to the war.

S A V A G E SURVIVALS

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

V. SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

(Important Notice: This is the last installment of the new book on Savage Survivals, by Professor J. Howard Moore, which we shall be able to print in the REVIEW, as the book will be off the press on December 8th. The articles which have appeared in the REVIEW and which have been so popular with our readers are only a small part of the book itself, which will be profusely illustrated. Price will be \$1.00, postpaid).

7. *The Hunting Instinct.*

The lowest savage has no domesticated plants nor animals. He is a hunter. Like the wild dog and wild cat, he has in his nature an instinct urging him when he is hungry to go out and seek prey. But the savage never hunts for pastime. He hunts for a living. He takes the lives of the beings around him in order to use their bodies for food and clothing.

The higher races of men get their necessities of life by agriculture, mining, manufacturing and the like. The hunting instinct is not exercised in the ordinary duties of life. But it exists. And on holidays and vacations, when we are relieved from work and can do as we please, we arm ourselves and go out and kill and kill, until we are satisfied. We kill, not because we are hungry, but in order to exercise or express an instinct which survives in us from our wolfish ancestors. We hunt because our ancestors were hunters. We kill other animals for the same reason that the dog kills sheep—in obedience to an urge within us, which has survived from the time when our ancestors were human wolves.

The hunting instinct is very strong in all the higher races of men. It is especially strong in boys. I can remember how it was in my own case. There were few joys of my boyhood more wild and overwhelming than the savage joy of laying things low. This is a mournful fact to find in the nature of beings who hold that the Golden Rule of life is to act toward others as you would have others act toward you.

The hunting instinct is closely related to the fighting instinct. Primitive man made war on *the universe*, human and non-human alike. To the savage, all those who did not belong to his crowd and were not on his side were enemies. They were to be used in one way or another, for food, clothing, or slaves, and if they were of no use they were to be removed anyway as competitors in the struggle for life.

Owing to the general preference for peace among higher peoples and the resulting scarcity of opportunities for killing *men*, many men today satisfy the fighting or war instinct by "hunting." War is not common enough to suit their

natures. And, since they are deprived of the privilege of warring on others of their own kind, they go on occasional expeditions against "the animals." The condition of the warrior is similar to that of the trap-shooter, who bangs away heroically at clay pigeons or glass balls, since the community has grown too civilized to let him kill real birds.

The hunting and fighting instincts combine to furnish the fascination which *atrocities* has for many minds even yet. Why do newspapers teem with accounts of murders and blood-lettings of various kinds? Because people like to read about them. Why do we like to read about such things? Because our ancestors were *beasts of prey*. The thirst for blood is very old—one of the oldest cravings of our nature. And this is why it is so slow in passing away—because it is so deep-seated and fundamental.

If the hunting instinct is not exercised, it soon dies out. And if the sympathetic instinct is cultivated by pets and by moral teaching, the individual will in time lose his desire to kill. He will come to derive greater pleasure from the care and study of wild beings than he will from taking their lives. In the majority of higher men today the instinct of sympathy is strong enough under all ordinary circumstances to keep down the hunting and fighting instincts. By practice this becomes a habit. In thousands of men and women the fighting instinct never gets beyond a momentary feeling of anger, with some slight threats or slight agitations of the body. The instinct exists, but is not strong enough to break through the better instincts and send the individual charging on a mission of death and destruction.

Many communities have already passed laws forbidding the grosser exercises of the hunting and killing instinct. And more such laws may be expected just as fast as men grow more enlightened. The slower footed members of a community are thus kept in check by the more enlightened members. So-called "trap-shooting," which consists in the massacre of birds thrown from a trap, is now forbidden by law in the more advanced states. One of the things that is going to brand us as barbarians, in the eyes of

the future, is the indifference we show toward hunting for pleasure. Any one who wants to do so can arm himself and go out into the fields and shoot down birds and other inoffensive creatures, merely to satisfy this old savage instinct, and there is only an occasional feeble protest against it. Hunting for pastime is nothing but murder, and it should be forbidden by strict laws.

As time passes the instinct of sympathy and humanity will grow stronger, and will become more and more dominant in human nature, and the vestigial savage instincts will grow correspondingly feebler. The hunter, who kills for pastime, is a connecting link between the savage, who hunts for a living, and the civilized man, who does not hunt at all. The hunter, like the warrior, will finally pass away forever.

8. *The Tribal Instinct.*

Savages live in *tribes*. The prevailing relation of one tribe to another is that of *war*. The moral feelings and ideas of the savage are, therefore, purely *tribal* in their extent. The members of his tribe are to the savage for the most part his kinspeople. They are the beings with whom he has lived all his life, and they are to him the only real and important beings in the world. All others are *enemies*, to be attacked, robbed, deceived, murdered, eaten, or enslaved, as he chooses or is able to do.

There is always a tendency in us to think of the members of our own crowd as more real and important than other beings, and to consider our part of the world as the center and hub of the universe. This is especially true of simple-minded people. The bigger and broader we are, the less inclined we are to be that way.

I lived once for three weeks with a family in a rather remote part of southwestern Alabama, about 30 miles from Mobile. These people thought that Mobile was the most important, if not the largest, city in the world. It was the only city they had ever seen and the only one they knew anything about. One evening, in the course of conversation, I inquired the population of Mobile. No one knew exactly. But the mother thought that she had read somewhere

that it was about a million. Later when I told them that Chicago had more people in it than Mobile and Birmingham and Montgomery and all the rest of Alabama taken together, and extended as far as the distance from where we were to Mobile, and was something like 40 times the size of Mobile, they fairly gasped with astonishment.

The Spanish people are said to read only Spanish newspapers and books, and to have very shadowy and imperfect notions of other peoples. They look to Madrid as the center of the world, and regard other peoples as inferior to themselves.

We Americans are somewhat the same way. We look with a kind of pity on the other nations of the earth, many of whom are recognized by everybody but ourselves to be in reality superior to us. I remember at the time of our World's Fair in Chicago of reading an article in a Belgian paper written by the Belgian representative at the fair, in which it was mentioned as a curious fact that Americans generally have the idea that they are superior to other peoples.

The narrowness and bigotry which have in all ages characterized the feelings and understandings of men, including the hostility existing in the international relations of even the highest societies of men today and showing itself in war and preparations for war, are merely the survivals in a more or less enlarged state of the tribal feelings of original men.

The ancient Greeks divided mankind into two classes—Greeks and “barbarians.” The Greeks were the inhabitants of Greece and the “barbarians” occupied the less centrally-located remainder of the world. The earth was supposed to be shield-shaped, with Mt. Olympus in Thessaly in its exact center. This mountain, which is 9,700 feet high, was believed by the Greeks to be the highest mountain in the world. On top of this mountain the Greek gods were supposed to live. The Greeks believed that they were the descendants and favorites of the gods, and that the “barbarians” were mere nobodies and intended to serve as conveniences to the Greeks.

The ancient Romans also considered

all non-Romans as “barbarians”—including the Greeks. Many of the so-called “barbarians” were superior to the Romans, but they were always treated by the Romans with contempt. The “barbarians” were the “agricultural implements” of the Romans, and the butchers who killed each other for the pastime of the Romans on Roman holidays. A Roman could take the life of his “barbarian” slave as freely as we today kill cows.

Moral feeling has developed very greatly during the period of human history. Men today include within the range of their moral obligations many thousand times more human beings than the lowest known men do. This moral expansion has been brought about by the improved means of travel and communication, by railroads, telegraphs, telephones and newspapers. When people get to mixing with other peoples, they find out that other peoples are much more like themselves. They are in this way led to put themselves in the place of other peoples, and to treat them as they would themselves be treated.

But, except by occasional individuals here and there, moral consideration is by men not extended in a serious way beyond the boundaries of their own species. Non-humans are *outsiders*. They may be attacked, beaten, starved, killed, eaten, deceived, cut to pieces out of curiosity, or shot down for pastime. “Wild” animals, that is, those species which are not in any way attached to the “tribe,” are especially destitute of all considerations of human justice and mercy. They are mere targets for anyone who wants to practice shooting.

The tribal instinct is the instinct to stand by one's group and to exaggerate the importance of one's place of living. It is the instinct of partiality—the instinct which prompts one to say: “My Country! May she ever be right. But right or wrong, my country!” “Patriotism,” as it is usually understood, is an expression of the tribal instinct. The *true* patriot does not believe that his country is the only country in the world, nor necessarily the best country; but he wants it to be a better country than it is, and he works to make it so.

"The *world* is my country," said Thomas Paine. Such words come from men whose sympathies are too big to be limited to any particular group of human

beings. Anyone who is completely recovered from the tribal instinct does not stop even at the bounds of his species, but is a *brother* of all that feel.



The National Union of Railwaymen

The National Union of Railwaymen of Great Britain, together with the South Wales Miners' Federation, now support and control the Central Labor College, which is sending out a series of leaflets addressed to railroad men. The following is one of these. We want to inform our readers that latest reports are that the National Railwaymen, the miners of Great Britain and the Transportation Workers are at present organizing themselves into One Big Union of THREE vital industries. Think this over and do what you can to interest the men in America to consider their own interests as intelligently as our comrades across the water are doing.

THE HISTORY OF LABOR

THE capitalist system which exists today, and under which the capitalist appropriates all the value created by labor except as much as is necessary to maintain the laborer in the same condition day after day, is comparatively new. It first commenced in England between two and three hundred years ago.

Before it was the feudal system, where, as a general rule, the laborer was tied to the estate of a lord as a part and parcel of the estate. The villein or serf, as he was variously called, did not sell his labor power as under capitalism, nor, therefore, did he receive wages. His share in the distribution was a holding of

land on which he could devote such time to his maintenance and that of his family as was not required by the lord of the manor for the cultivation of the lord's land. So many days in the week he had to expend labor, therefore, for which he received no equivalent. This feudal system began in England a little over a thousand years ago.

Prior to the feudal system of the Middle Ages was the system of chattel-slavery, where the laborer was the personal property of his master. This slave did not sell himself by the hour. He was himself sold for his lifetime. He received no wages, although of necessity he had to be maintained by his master out of the

product. This system prevailed for a few thousand years in the ancient civilizations that arose in the Mediterranean basin.

In all three systems the laborer is exploited. The working day is in each case divided into time in which the laborer produces for his own maintenance, and time in which the laborer works gratuitously for his master. Still, there are important differences between these three conditions of labor which must also be understood.

Before the system of chattel-slavery, mankind passed thousands of years in savagery and barbarism, during which were acquired the simple elements necessary for the more complex combinations of civilization. The most modern machine could not have been but for those elementary inventions of the pre-historic men.

In the lowest depths of savagery, man is at the starting point of human evolution, a point where his world is no other than that simple field of nature, common to other animals. Man has risen therefrom only in the degree that he has modified this natural environment by his work; he has improved this work only in the degree that he has discovered in his environment those means and conditions that enable him to wrest from nature a greater supply of material wealth. Upon this continuously developing groundwork of better tools and more productive methods, there has been built up an increasingly complex civilization.

The history of man is thus the history of labor. There is nothing eternal in it except change, appearance and disappearance, coming and going. History

gives, and history takes away. There is, however, nothing arbitrary in the historical movement. It is simply the fact that up till now, man has largely made history in a more or less unconscious fashion, that has misled him into a conception of history as the zig-zag movement of a drunken man. History is governed by necessity. According to the conditions and forces of a given social epoch, so are the laws which work their will irrespectively of the wishes of man. They act like blind laws so long as man is blind to them. Necessity is blind only so long as it is not understood. We are frequently told that the laborer is free; that he is not compelled to work for the capitalist. That is an illustration of blindness. Why is the worker today not free to cease working for the capitalist? Because the capitalists possess the means of production, without which labor cannot take place nor life be maintained! Under such conditions the laborer, of necessity, is not "free."

It is the task of the modern working class to radically change society, to substitute the economics of planful associated production for the planless and oppressive economics of capitalism. This has often in the past been denounced as "impossibilism." The study of history by means of the scientific method will plainly show that, on the contrary, the mission of the working class movement is a historical one, and therefore, a *necessary* mission. When we understand this necessity, *we shall no longer oppose ourselves to it, but ally ourselves with it.* Instead of the ship of labor drifting at the will of the waves, it must and will direct its course towards a determined goal.





THE TRUTH ABOUT NEW ZEALAND

By

H. Scott Bennett

NEW ZEALAND, the oft quoted land of social reforms, is a strikingly interesting object lesson in itself for Socialists here and everywhere who are agitating and organizing for the demolition of the present social order. Reviewing the numerous measures of social reform to be found upon the statute books of that country, one might almost suppose that by common consent the master class of the world had set Maoriland aside for the express purpose of determining how far social reforms might be brought into being without seriously imperilling the existence of capitalist society.

The capitalist class have not so acted, of course, but the result is the same. From compulsory arbitration to national provident schemes New Zealand possesses practically all the reforms that fill the pages of reform publications. We know pretty well in New Zealand how far social reform can go without effecting anything approaching a fundamental change in the basis of modern society!

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I

shall not say that the social legislation that exists in New Zealand has not been productive of some beneficial results. Indeed, after sundry peeps into some of the industries in the United States I should be inclined to say that some of them might with advantage be enacted here! But if I am asked, as I have been frequently asked during my lecturing tour in the States, if that legislation has brought the workers nearer to a state of industrial democracy, my answer must be an emphatic negative. In New Zealand, as in other parts of the world, alleged to be civilized, the line of demarcation between the owners of commodity producing land and machinery and those who sell their strength of brawn and brain is quite easily discernible. And, let me add, the evils that accompany the present soulless miscalled "system" of production exist to a far greater extent in New Zealand than is generally supposed by those who live outside that country have been led to suppose.

A well meaning comrade asked me the other day if it was true that the employ-

ing class of New Zealand never resorted to the harsh measures of coercion, so well known in the United States, when the working people showed a rebellious turn of mind. My reply caused him no little surprise! I had to tell him that, instead of the extremely amicable relations he had been told existed there, the workers have had more than one experience of government by the mailed fist. I told him of the strikes of some two years ago and how some of us had seen the guns on men-of-war boats pointed at the streets of certain cities. I told him, too, the story of "special constables," "gunmen," who were given a free hand at the request of the employers to intimidate and more than intimidate the striking workmen. True, these men were not of the professional gunmen type, and many of them had been brought from the country under false pretenses, but there they were! A little of the history of the aftermath served further to enlighten one who had been led to believe that New Zealand was a socialist nation—except in name!

Instances of the extreme lengths to which the employing class had gone in victimizing men for the crime of having proved loyal to their class; a scientific system of blacklisting indeed! The arrests and jailing of men for "sedition" and other offenses against capitalist society, all finally went, I believe, to impress upon his mind what every socialist is supposed to know, viz., that as long as natural and social opportunities are controlled by a section of any given nation, that section will, through the powers they are able to operate, display all the world over the same characteristics when their economic position is interfered with. Certainly New Zealand is *not* an exception to the rule!

What a commentary that period of industrial unrest was upon the old claim put forward for New Zealand—"A country without strikes!" What an eye opening process for those who believe that capitalism can be quietly shown the back door, so to speak, by means of paternalism writ large! A series of explosions, commencing with the driving of strikers from the mining town of Waihi by means

of an army of thugs, and culminating in government provoked "rioting" in Wellington served to show very clearly that something more efficacious than carefully prepared paternal soothing syrup is required to abolish the evils arising out of the private ownership of the soil and the machine, and that is the point I am anxious to emphasize right here. *The divorce existing between the workers and the machinery of production is as absolute in New Zealand as here.* In short and in fine, *capitalism has not been dethroned in New Zealand. The social legislation was never intended to do away with the commodity status of labor, supposing it ever could do so.*

Some years ago Edward Tregear, then in charge of the Labor Department, whose name, by the way, I cannot write without paying a passing tribute of esteem for his many valuable services to the workers of that country, brought a hornet's nest about his ears by declaring to an American publicist that the result of the social legislation in New Zealand had been to create "a class of contented, well fed wage slaves"! I am not quite sure that the term "well fed" is applicable to all the workers of New Zealand to-day by any means. But the general sense of the statement is sound. For where reform measures have blunted or smoothed the sharper edges of capitalism, an air of contentment with things as they are is frequently to be observed. "The people perish for want of a vision." But the men and women of New Zealand who are striving for a higher social order are by no means pessimistic.

The difficulties for the most part that they have to overcome are like unto the difficulties that beset the socialists of America. Our work is the same. Our goal is the same. And, as the New Zealand movement grows from year to year, although thousands of miles of tossing waves may separate us, the comrades there shall join in spirit and in organization with the comrades here, to the end that the dream of the seer and the song of the poet shall be realized—a world for the World's Workers that shall endure as long as stars shine and rivers sing.



EDITORIAL

FIGHTING "INSTINCTS"

The November number of the Masses publishes an editorial on "The Only Way to End War," in which Max Eastman discusses why men go to war from the viewpoint of the modern biologist. To quote:

IT was the error of St. Paul to suppose that by "mortifying the flesh," which means suppressing the instincts in a spiritual exaltation, one could permanently change the hereditary nature of man. I think the subsequent history of Christian civilization and its present culmination in Europe, are enough to prove the grossness of that error. But biological science holds it proven in a more definite way. The nature which a man or any animal inherits, according to that science, is transmitted to his offspring unaffected by his personal education, or by any qualities that he may acquire during his life. So that even when you have made an expert saint of an individual, you will have to start the task all over again at the same point with his children. And furthermore, since all men inherit many instinctive modes of conduct, and these modes of conduct cannot often be balked and suppressed without ill-health and disaster, there is a decided limit to that "infinite improbability" even of the individual nature. What that limit may be, no one can declare in final detail. But we can wisely assure ourselves that any "improvement" which involves an off-hand suppression of *universal hereditary tendencies*, will be exceedingly precarious. It will not be transmitted in heredity, and it will have to depend for its enforcement upon an almost unanimous weight of social tradition. For underneath if in the neutral structure, laid down forever, lie the paths of the old tendency it denies.

So we have to lay aside the mortifica-

tion method of reforming the world as a brave and stupendous error. But it is also an error to suppose, as the orthodox Socialists and Norman Angell incline to, that there is but one tendency original in man, the tendency to preserve his own economic well-being; and to imagine that in proportion as his understanding is "enlightened," he will invariably act merely as an economic self-preserve. The conduct of the anti-military workingmen of Europe when the war broke, and the conduct of the business pacifist also, have made evident the falsity of that assumption.

The disposition of European people, grouped in nations, to wage war when their nation is threatened, and to believe it is threatened upon a very light excuse, seems to be fixed in the nervous tissue like self-preservation itself. Men who would not contribute a peaceable eight cents to the public weal, drop their cash, credit, and commercial prospects, and go toss in their lives like a song, at the bidding of an alien abstraction called the state. Do you think that is a trick they have acquired by culture, and which you can stem by telling them something else when they are young? It is an organic aptitude more old and deeply set by evolution than any of the impulses that would enlighten it.

War is a functioning of at least two instinctive dispositions—"pugnacity," and "gregariousness," or the "herd-instinct." I find in my books of psychology, that the disposition called pugnacity (and that

called rivalry) lie near the root of our hereditary endowment; and that the tendency of man to identify himself with his clan, his tribe, his nation, although of later origin, has been grafted deep into the souls of European people by centuries of bloody and drastic group-selection. These dispositions belong to the original nature of man, the unlearned nature, fixed by evolution, and inherited anew by every child, no matter what intellectual medium he may be born in. And any purely cultural or calculative suppression of them would be both temporary and unreliable. It would depend upon a perfectly perpetuated tradition, and it would never give certainty that when a sufficiently poignant occasion arose, the original nature would not break through and function in spite of all.

Patriotism is not, as Mr. Angell, from his readings of Lecky, supposes, a trait like militant religious zeal, which many human cultures never have possessed, and which can be rooted out in one generation by the training of young children. It is a disposition that lies fixed in the hereditary structure of all civilized races, and neither early education nor Mr. Angell's panacea, "hard thinking," can remove it.

Most scientists, I believe, would agree that a basic disposition to identify self with a social group, and to be pugnacious in the gregarious way that nations are, is one of the unchanging attributes of man. Culture can, and doubtless has, inflamed and overdeveloped it. A different culture can mitigate its strength. But it is there, no matter what you teach. You can never build a structure of learned attitudes so deep and solid that it will not tumble into air when that organic coil is sprung.

"We International Socialists, in our hope that the workingman's patriotism might be taught to cling in a crisis to his class in all nations, rather than to classes in his nation, were nearer than the others to a scientific hope. We did not seek to suppress or deny the patriotic disposition altogether; we offered it a new object. But we underestimated the importance to that disposition of personal contact. It is the group *surrounding us* with whom we rush together for defense. The ab-

stract thought of kindred groups in other countries, powerful as it may be in times of security, is too chilly in the turbulence of impending war to check our fighting union with the group we *feel*. This is what this war will teach the Socialists. In that famous faith of theirs that solidarity of economic interest among the workers of all countries, could avert international wars, they nursed a dream. The anti-patriots are nursing a dream. And those who imagine that disarmament, or "popular control," would avert war between nations, also are nursing a dream. There is nothing so inhuman in the nature of the people as that. They will react more slowly, but not in essential contrast to their delegates and their rulers. For we are all touched with this mania the moment a crisis comes. It is our fate.

The patriotic and pugnacious tribes survived—we are those tribes. Write that motto over your peace palaces, your tribunals, your international congresses, and some result may come of the deliberations within.

For there is one method of handling original instincts, more practical than selective breeding, and more sure and permanent than cultural suppression. That is to alter the environment in such fashion as to offer new objects for these instincts to adhere to, and similar, but less disastrous functions for them to perform.

A Scotch collie has an incurable disposition to run and bark at moving animals; in the country, where he was bred by selection, this is an excellent practical virtue, in the city streets it is a dire nuisance and will cost him his life. Now, you can perhaps, by giving undivided attention to the matter, train him to "behave" in the city. His pups you will have to train all over again. And you will never be sure even of him, when he sees another dog run and bark. A wiser method is to give him his exercise in the park.

Well, something of that is the lesson we must learn in dealing with the savage heredity of men. Men are incurably rivalrous and pugnacious, but this rivalry and pugnacity would find vent in other forms of conflict and display, if the *occasions* of international warfare were removed.

There is one peace plan which has practical hope of cogency: *Offer that instinct of self-identification a larger group to cling to.* It clings more strongly now to the

United States, which has not even a name of its own, than to Massachusetts or Rhode Island. And we already in our loyal moments call these United States "America." America itself might command the strength of our loyalty, if America as an integral group existed for us. The name of our country is the name of our task.

A conference of Independent American Republics, looking to the preservation of their common interests, would be easily welcome at this time. And if our statesmen at such a conference proved farsighted enough to relinquish on this continent every form of that dominance, which they so deprecate in the European ambitions of Germany, there might evolve out of it the beginnings of the American Federation. This must become a true federation, a supra-national entity with power and delegated sovereignty like those of our federal government—a congress of representatives, who can express and adjudicate the differences between nations, while engendering above them a conspicuous state to which a portion of that tribal loyalty that so controls their citizens may learn and adhere. In such an absolute creation—and in all the thoughts and moods of international unity, which must lead to it—lies the one hope of destroying war.

* * *

So speaks Max Eastman in the November *Masses* and he gives us much to think about. The International Socialists, he says, were nearer than the others to a scientific (or possible) hope, because we have given the working class a new object to cling to, to be loyal to. Our mistake, however, lay, not in the neglect of a new object, but in the neglect of a new *activity*.

"Who," asks Mr. Eastman, "does not want to do something? Peace is nothing. Peace is a negation. Nobody will ever *wage* peace. Nobody but a few tired people, and people suffering from shock, will ever kindle to a negative ideal."

This is very true and that is precisely why we Socialists ought to be ready to do *something* when the master class declares

war for the purpose of protecting *their* property or for acquiring *more* property. In the excitement, and turmoil or mobilization all the hundred-thousand-year-old fighting instincts—instincts of rivalry and gregariousness, will clamor in the breasts of every healthy man and woman. They will clamor for expression. They *will have expression*. We revolutionists must educate and organize so that they will *have expression* for the benefit of the working class.

A workingman's fellow workers are closer to him than his employer. At every call to national arms, we should be prepared to *revolt*, declare a general strike, and by any and every means *make nationalistic war impossible*, at the same time declaring *war on the profit system*.

The Germans in this country have shown marvelous ingenuity in the prevention of manufacture of war munitions in this country. They have destroyed enough arms and ammunition to supply many men for many days. Surely our own minds will prove more fertile in blocking and preventing any war for the benefit of those who exploit us.

Man has still, slumbering deep beneath all his cultural veneer, the old primitive tribal instincts, which come to the surface in times of war. These old instincts must be utilized and not suppressed. They must be utilized in *waging relentlessly*, by *any and all means*, the *revolution*.

The day when the employers cry "War!" against another nation is *our* opportunity. Strike the capitalist class when it is weak. During wartime is the period when the miners may seize the mines, when the railroad men may find courage and strength to take over the railroads, when the working class may be able to take over the industries of a country and run them in their own interests.

We *must use our fighting instincts for the working class or they will be used for the exploiting class!*

War must be our opportunity to declare *revolution!*



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Some Insanities of War. People who prepare for war instead of preventing it ought to take a square look at some things which have happened during the past year. I am not now thinking of the 15,000,000 said to have been killed or wounded. I am thinking rather of the fact that the others, those not killed or wounded, have, in large measure, lost their power to think straight. Some millions have lost arms and legs; many more millions have lost whatever they possessed in the way of minds. Perhaps the "frightfulness" of this second loss is less dramatic than that of the other, but to a democracy it must be more fateful in the end.

It affects all classes and all nations. Before the war, for example, the bourgeois class had achieved a high degree of internationalism in trade, in science, and in art. All nations coöperated on all these fields. All the great nations made large contributions in all of them and these contributions were universally hailed as contributions to the common good. International congresses in which effort along various lines was encouraged had become common. The only competition in many fields was a friendly rivalry in well-doing. But the moment the troops were set in motion the most respected authorities began to shout loudly that all this had never been and could not be. No good Frenchman could endure German music; no Frenchman had ever made a contribution to science; no one could ever coöperate with barbarians and degenerates. The persons who said these things in signed statements were not anarchists, not irrespon-

sible agitators. They were "statesmen;" they were university professors.

But Socialists are by no means in a position to point the finger of scorn at these good people. German "Socialists" forgot their theory of the class-struggle in the course of three days. The hodge-podge of reasons they gave for their reversal would not deceive the simplest peasant if it were placed before him in time of peace. And one of the most famous of all English Socialists said recently in print that he for one was glad this nonsense about "German comrades" was over with; at last he could say what he thought about all Germans. He is a famous controversialist, but all his logic has been buried in the trenches or sunk along with the *Lusitania*.

During recent months a much more serious sort of confusion has taken place, and one far more widespread. The leaders of warring nations and war-mongers everywhere have so far lost their heads that they no longer make even a fairly respectable defense of their purposes and operations. Or perhaps it would come nearer the mark to say that the war has gone so far that it proves the fallacy of all arguments advanced in favor of militarism and therefore the militarists have given up all argument and are depending on popular stupidity and inertia to carry them along.

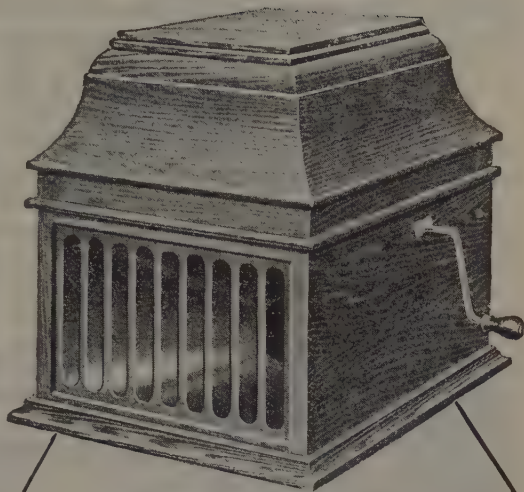
As far as it went Bernhardt's defense of war was perfectly logical. So were the parallel arguments made by English imperialists. Looking at things from the point of view of the interests of the ruling groups in their nations it seemed to each of these that war was necessary.

They said: Our industry needs more space for development; we can get more space only by fighting; therefore let us fight. They did not pretend to look at things from the point of view of universal welfare. Within their premises they were right, and there is no doubt of the fact that they were perfectly honest.

Now, consider how far this simple and logical reasoning has been left behind. No doubt it is to the interest of the capitalist class of Italy to fight on the side of the Allies. It may even be to the highest interest of the ruling classes of Turkey to join Germany and Austria. But what about Bulgaria, Rumania and Greece? Can anyone pretend that it is for the good of any class in Bulgaria that Bulgarian soldiers are fighting England and France? England offered Greece the island of Crete as a bribe for her help. Can anyone pretend that the English cabinet want Greek soldiers to fight for the good of Greece? And what about the Cretans, who were to be so casually handed about? The Germans, for their part, are trying to swing Greece and Rumania into line by means of the influence of German kings judiciously placed on the Balkan thrones in preparation for just what is happening now. Can they pretend that these non-German people are being bullied into submission for their own good?

There are at least 20,000,000 people in these countries. The great majority of them are so ignorant that they hardly know the difference between the powers at war. They are to be dragged to the slaughter without any excuse. Their own capitalists and ministers are not united for either side. The Allies need the power in the bodies of these ignorant, peaceable peasants; the central powers also need it. So they are both using all their skill to get control of it.

Public opinion in America has been so far debauched by the occurrence of a war three thousand miles away that most of us see nothing wrong about all this. I am not thinking of moral wrong; we have got beyond that. I am thinking the whole business lacks even the kind of logic on which the appeal to arms has been based by the militarists. War so turns our heads that we get on without even a semblance of reason.



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"Six-of-One Half-a-Dozen of the Other."

The English government accomplished a master stroke when it secured the publication in cheap form of a translation of Bernhardt's book *Germany and the Next War*. Only a few thousand copies have circulated in Germany, but hundreds of thousands have been read in this country. And most readers have put down the book with the conviction that Germany must be destroyed.

Now comes Bruce Glasier with an Independent Labor Party pamphlet called *Militarism*. It is a thousand pities it cannot be placed in the hands of every reader of Bernhardt. It proves conclusively that Treischke and Bernhardt were not alone in their views of war and peace. Englishmen, popular, respected, Christian Englishmen, have preached exactly the same doctrines. Comrade Glasier is careful to name volume and page. Following are a few of his quotations:

James Ram, *The Philosophy of War*, 1877: "We occupy one of the topmost places in the world; we must war or we must be crowded out by those inferior to ourselves. * * * * The life of a soldier commends itself in the abstract to the imagination as more than any other worthy of honor."

Professor J. A. Cramb, *Germany and England*, published shortly before the war: "In war and the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comfort; in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the ideal. * * * * And here let me say with regard to Germany, that of all England's enemies she is by far the greatest; and by 'greatness' I mean not merely her magnitude, nor her millions of soldiers, her millions of inhabitants. I mean her grandeur of soul. She is the greatest and most heroic enemy—if she is our enemy—that England in the thousand years of her history has ever confronted."

Professor W. Ridgway (of Cambridge), *Address at meeting of the Classical Association*: "A modern world filled only with democratic states would be a stagnant pool in some shady spot, in which no higher forms could live, but overflowing

with all the baser sorts of life. In a word, a perfect peace humanity would perish from its own physical and moral corruption."

Mr. E. B. Osborn in the *Morning Post*, August 13, 1914: "That is why war for war's sake appeals to so many. It is that gymnasium of the naked soul, in which virtue renews her hardihood after the corroding comfort of a long period of peace. * * * * War has always been and still is the ultimate secret of progress throughout the demesnes of life."

Mr. H. F. Wyatt, Secretary of the Maritime League, in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, September, 1914: "The Lord of Hosts has made righteousness the path of victory. In the crash of conflict, in the horrors of the battlefields, piled with the dying, the dead, and the wounded, a vast ethical purpose prevails. * * * * In the great majority of instances which determine general results, the issue of war has made for the ethical advantage of mankind. It must be so; it could not be otherwise, because ethical quality has tended always to produce military efficiency."

Cecil Rhodes, *Review of Reviews*, April, 1902: "If there be a God, then what He would like me to do is to paint as much of the map of Africa British red as possible; and to that I am elsewhere to promote the unity and extend the influence of the British race. I contend that the British race is the finest race which history has produced. * * * * The government of the world by its finest race is the aim that I have had in view."

Lord Wolseley, in his *Soldier's Pocket Book*: "As a nation we are brought up to feel it a disgrace to succeed by falsehood; the word 'spy' conveys in it something as repulsive as 'slave.' We still keep hammering away with the conviction that honesty is the best policy and that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little sentences do well enough for a child's copybook, but the man who acts upon them in war had better sheath his sword forever."

Colonel Sir Lonsdale Hale: "We in this country have, to a great extent, drifted into a state of nambypamby humanitarianism; lost dogs and stray cats

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appeal strongly to many pockets; and if our troops found themselves in a foreign country there would be plenty of people at home on the watch that we were polite and kind towards the inhabitants in obtaining what was needed for our soldiers; but the Germans have no such foolish scruples. They know what a horrible thing war is, and that the sooner it is over the better for both conqueror and conquered—and, very rightly, they will not let humanitarian scruples stand in their way. The thing itself is bad, but it has to be done, and short of violence to women, does not enter into settling how it is to be done."

Colonel Charles Ross, of the British Imperial General Staff, in *Representative Government and War*: "The slaughter of men in battle is murder committed in the interests of a nation instead of those of an individual. The science of war teaches us how to commit this murder with impunity and dispatch. * * * *

"Universal service with a view to passive defense would be useless. Universal service, if adopted throughout the Empire, must be introduced with the definite object of the invasion of the enemy's territory, be that enemy who it may."

These sayings are refreshing. They show that there are some honest men among England's militarists. This is war; this is the military spirit wherever it is allowed to develop. How much of it do we want in America?

Women Workers After the War. Out of 2,500,000 union men in Germany more than sixty per cent are at the front. Of the 415,000 in Austria more than fifty per cent have enlisted. Tho many new members have joined in the course of the past year the unions in both countries now number much less than half their former membership. A similar condition exists in France and England.

Yet work goes on as usual in most trades. There is little building being done; roads are being neglected; few permanent improvements are being made. But, on the other hand, the steel industry and mining are going on full blast. And the moving of troops makes tremendous demands on transportation facilities.

The secret of the situation is that the

work is being done by women. The mask has finally been torn from the ancient pretence that women are the "weaker sex." In the modest seclusion of the domestic circle women have always done the most burdensome sorts of manual labor. Now they do in public and for wages the hard work which has hitherto been left to the men. For not only do they sell tickets, keep books, sell goods, run trains, and wait on hotel guests. They set type, run machines, lay pavement, and act as porters at railway stations. Laws interfering with their occupation at any sort of work in any sort of place at any time of day or night have been disregarded. In Germany alone the reported number of female workers has increased by more than 500,000. This figure probably falls short of the real increase by about one-half.

Most of the women are, of course, unorganized. And they are doing all sorts of work at smaller wages than those received by the men. While the men are admiring the patriotism of these women workers they are beginning to wonder what the situation will lead to. Will the women keep the job "after peace breaks out?" Can they be organized? Can their wages be brought up to standard?

Some of these questions the editor of *Gleichheit*, the German woman's organ, takes up in a recent editorial. In normal times there were nearly a million more women than men in Germany. For Germany alone the war means more than a hundred thousand dead and many hundreds of thousands of men permanently crippled. Fathers of families will be lacking or incapacitated. Hosts of young women who would normally marry and become housekeepers will be forced to remain single and work for wages. In England, an active campaign is being carried on in favor of crippled bridegrooms. Publicists are trying to surround the returning boys in khaki with a halos of glory to make up for the lack of limbs or health. But even if such ghastly campaigns succeed to the utmost millions of women will have to earn livelihoods for themselves, their children or disabled husbands.

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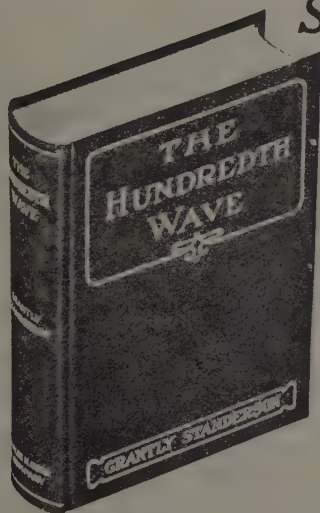
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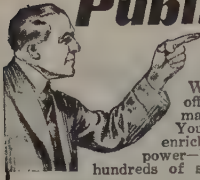
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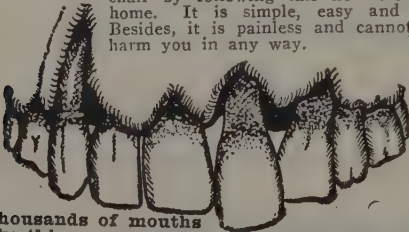
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Economic causes lead one to expect a real demand for the continued employment of women in gainful occupations. Many of the reduced number of men who return to civil life will be required to perform labors which are being neglected from month to month as the war goes on. In all countries engaged absolutely necessary building is not being done at the present time. An extraordinary number of male workers will be required for a good many occupations when peace is re-established.

And this is not all. The Hirsch-Duncker union of machine workers has made inquiries with a view to discovering whether the work of women under present conditions is as satisfactory as that of men. Eighty-three out of a hundred and thirty employers replied that it is. And the women work for less wages. Every worker knows what this means. The cheap labor will tend to displace the dear. Many a man may return from the trenches to find his job gone.

And there is still another element in the situation. Taxes will be higher than ever before. Food and shelter will be dearer. Family savings have been scattered. Many of the poor will be in debt. In most cases government support will come to an end. What will happen? The struggle for an increased family wage will be more bitter than ever before in the history of the world. Even in cases in which the male bread-winner returns uninjured there will be a tendency to drive women and children into industry in a frantic effort to bring the household up to the old standard.

Yet some gallant persons think it is barbarous to make war on women and children. Every woman and child in the belligerent nations is bearing the brunt of war and will continue to bear it for more than a generation. And within each nation as soon as the international struggle is over there will be a struggle between the sexes for the jobs that mean the hope of livelihood.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Appreciates Scott Bennett—The Socialist movement of America is being stimulated by the work of Scott Bennett, a man of international reputation as orator, statesman, and organizer of labor, who is on a lecture tour of New Zealand, where he has long been recognized as one of the great men of the Socialist movement.

Comrade Bennett has been addressing packed houses in and around San Francisco, California. His work shows a wonderful grasp of Socialist fundamentals, free from any taint of opportunism or nationalism, which, with his masterful delivery and evident enthusiasm and sincerity, makes a deep impression on his hearers.—Ethel Lynn, Secretary-Treasurer Local San Francisco, Socialist Party.

October 11, 1915.

From Minneapolis—Whereas, the capitalist class of various countries are attempting to arouse antagonism among the working class of the different nations by creating patriotic sentiments and fostering hatred among the workers, thus separating them as to nationalities, and

Whereas, they have succeeded in befogging the issue to the extent of influencing some members of the working class and Socialists in the United States who are now urging preparedness and a larger army and navy; a special instance of this jingoism having occurred in the address of Charles Edward Russell in Minneapolis recently.

Therefore, be it resolved by the Hennepin County Committee of Minneapolis, Minn., that we reaffirm the established position of the international Socialist movement against all forms of militarism and announce that we repudiate all utterances in favor of increased armament and advocacy of a greater military organization made by those presuming to speak for the Socialist party, and

Be it further resolved, that copies of this resolution be sent to the Socialist press.

ANDREW HANSON, Chairman.
B. J. LACHER, Secretary.

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 27, 1915.

The Manitoba Executive Committee of the Social-Democratic party, through Comrade A. M. Eddy, sends in a \$37 book order for pamphlets and cloth bound volumes. The Canadian comrades use only sound Socialist literature in their propaganda work. No reform stuff goes with them. They know the class struggle from first hand experience and carry on their campaigns on a clean-cut Socialist platform. They are out to abolish the capitalist system and therefore they do not put up a ticket to catch votes nor to put a few office seekers on the payroll.

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From Comrades in Scotland—The Glasgow District Council Economic and Industrial History Class, through their librarian, Comrade Robert D. Jack, sends in \$10 for a share of stock in the publishing house and a \$25 order for cloth bound books. There are 314 students in the class. Let us hope the time is not far distant when the Socialist party in the United States will wake up to the necessity of establishing study clubs and carrying on real educational work in the locals.

From a Lone Socialist—Comrade J. S. Collins of Dunlap, Kansas, in renewing his subscription, writes: "You ask me to send suggestions to make the Review better—that is hard to do, as the Review is the best magazine that comes my way, and I take them all. I am a lone Socialist here; there is no local."

From Another Kansas Rebel—"We do not want to be without the Review, as we get many things in it that we get nowhere else. We take other magazines and papers that advocate a milk and water brand of Socialism—the wonder is they ever had the courage to advocate any kind of Socialism, but the Review stands in a class by itself, the *Red Class*."—Thomas McMillan.

From a New Stockholder—Comrade Mills of Winnipeg, Canada, in remitting for a share of stock, writes: "I bought some of your books twelve months ago and they sure have been well worth the money to me as my ideas of Socialism and government have been completely revolutionized. These new ideas make life worth living even if I am a wage slave. Before I read these books I was mentally dead but I am very much alive now. That book by Engels, 'The Origin of the Family,' is a splendid book, and what volumes of information one gets out of 'Value, Price and Profit.'"

From a Jimmie Higgins Over in New Jersey—"I walked eight miles today to deliver a few copies of the Review to my customers who buy it from me regularly each month." Wake up! you Review rebels across the country, and see what you can do in your neck of the woods. If you are convinced that the Review delivers the goods, we hope you will get into your hustling clothes and round up at least one new reader before snow flies.

Porcupine Miners' Union No. 145, Western Federation of Miners, renews their standing bundle order for a good big bundle of Reviews during the year 1916. If the rest of the workers had half as much backbone as the miners around the world have displayed when on strike during the past three years, it would not take long to put the wage system on the junk pile, where it belongs.

With "Pope" Hickey in Texas—The latter part of July I received a telegram asking me to join Encampment Team Number One and finish Arthur LeSeueur's dates before the

Texas encampments. I reached Bomarton on August 1st and was immediately put to work by Dr. Gaines, manager of the Bomarton encampment, for the Texas Reds don't seem to know what "that tired feeling" means.

That night we slept out under the open sky, beneath the great, clear stars, and Hickey and I talked so long and so much that the next night Dr. Gaines and Comrade Meitzen, business manager of the "Rebel," moved their sleeping quarters over to the other side of the grounds, saying "you are the limit."

Then for nearly forty-five days we were going night and day, Meitzen, Hickey, and myself, and at times Stanley J. Clark, the terrible terror of the preachers and one of the greatest orators in the country, with W. S. Noble and others, speaking to fine audiences of interested, live and up-to-date people.

At Seymour, where the encampments ended on September 13th, Comrade Debs spoke the last day to nearly three thousand people, and all along the line we had the Donks and landlords going and on the defensive everywhere. At Fort Worth yours truly spoke on the streets and took the hide of a labor faker who had gone out of his way to attack the New York garment workers, saying that the A. F. of L. had expelled 100,000 of them because they were Socialists and I. W. W.'s. Said faker held the fat job of "labor commissioner of Texas," his chief duties being to root for Jim Ferguson, the present Landlord-Labor-Skinner Governor of Texas—a man who has helped as much as that wooden head, ex-Governor Colquitt, in the attempt to railroad Charlie Cline to the penitentiary for a crime he never committed.

But this is not just what I started out to elucidate, as the filosofers say.

What astonished me most was the liveness and revolutionary spirit of the Texas movement, for I had been so often "assured" by the wise guys that Comrade T. A. Hickey was not only the "uncrowned king of Texas Socialism" but its despot and "pope" as well; that he had, by his "bossism," all but destroyed the party in the Lone Star state.

But I found nothing of the kind. Instead I found a live, coherent, fighting organization and a bunch of rebels who would not *themselves* stand for speakers whose only idea of Socialism is "three cent electricity." I not only found this temper in the membership at large, but Hickey, Meitzen and all the officers of the party steadfastly working to place the party on a still more decentralized base, that is, to throw still more power in the hands of the locals, that is to *democratize* it to the core. So I said to Hickey, "You are surely a strange boss—a boss trying his best to destroy the source of boss-power." And he blushed and answered, "Yea, verily."

Again, nowhere was there an attempt to hamper the free speech of the speakers, unless the demand of the audiences for red hot, revolutionary Socialism could be described as a denial of free speech. All the speakers I heard were far and away ahead of any I have heard anywhere else in the nation, no compromise being the slogan of all,

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Thos. G. Parris, 98, PARRIS BLDG., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

So, if results are to count for anything, there in Texas the result of *decentralization* has justified all we claimed for it, for Debs himself stated that Texas and Oklahoma were the liveliest Socialist states in the union. And so I, too, found it to be in Texas. Would, then, that we had more "Popes" like "Fighting Tom Hickey"—bosses that are trying to destroy boss-power.

The famous "Texas program" is justifying itself, and the soul-idea of it is that the *democracy* alone is good, alone counts. Here the party in the nation and the I. W. W., as well, may come to learn the lesson that both will have to learn before they ever again take up the march to *power*, for the Prussian idea of Socialism and Industrial Unionism is forever dead on the battlefields of Europe. The American people never have and never will accept the idea of either a strongly centralized state or union ruling all their lives and destiny, for the historic conscience of these people is *democratic* to the core, and we are in the powerless position we occupy today because, industrially and politically, we have attempted to run counter to this conscience.

Therefore, the sooner our organizations revolutionize *themselves* on *democratic* lines the sooner we will begin the resistless march on to victory. The theory of *decentralization* does not have to prove itself—Texas bears living witness to its correctness. It is *decentralization* or death, *democracy* or a vaster degeneracy even than that which now afflicts the so-called "International Labor Movement."

Long live industrial democracy, the only Socialism by which the workers can win their way to freedom!—Covington Hall.

Local Marx in Seattle, Washington, wishes to locate its headquarters and a large reading room in the slave district of that city. They are not asking for donations but have issued a valuable little parliamentary law table concentrated on a narrow strip of tough paper, gummed at one end to paste in vest pocket memo books. For these they ask 2 cents each in quantities of 50 or more and which will retail in turn at 5 cents, proceeds to apply as above. Locals and others interested should remit to Lalla Rogers, Secretary, 1433 Lakeside avenue, Seattle.

Vote for Unity!—Comrades, a motion is now before you to the effect that an attempt be made to unite the Socialist forces in the United States. We therefore kindly ask of you to consider this proposition in your next local meeting.

We hold that while there is only one working class in the United States there ought not to be more than one political party to represent that class.

A great many of the differences that formerly kept the Socialist party and the Socialist Labor party apart, have now disappeared, and the few minor points that are left can, if there is a common desire for it, be easily overcome.

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By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

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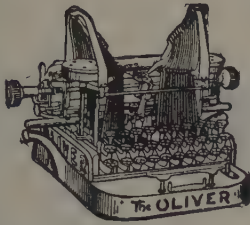
Briefly stated, this course, "Scientific Parenthood," acquaints you with the scientific principles of the Anatomy and Physiology of Sex; Mating and Marrying; Marital Relations; Preparation for Parenthood; Pre-Natal Culture; Gestation; Care of Mother and Babe; the Well-Born Child; the Culture of the Child; the Physiology of the Child; Mind and Character Building of the Child; What Children should know and how to teach them; The Problems of Babyhood, Childhood, Youth and Adolescence and how to meet them; What the Young Man or Woman Contemplating Marriage should know; and every allied subject.

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Comrades, let us face the proposition squarely and try if it is not possible for the workers in the United States to meet their oppressors in the coming presidential campaign with a united front on the political battlefield.

If you wish to help accomplish this, bring the matter before your next local meeting, and if acted upon favorably, be sure that your secretary informs the national office to the effect that your local has decided to second the motion submitted by the Scandinavian branch No. 4, Rockford, Ill., which proposes to hold a conference with representatives from both organizations for the purpose to bring about a united Socialist movement.—Fraternally yours, Executive Committee, Scandinavian Socialist Federation.

Unknown Party Does Good Work—Comrade Wright remits \$1.50 for the Review during the coming year and a copy of Morgan's "Ancient Society." He says: "Some unknown party had the Review sent to me about a year ago and I think it is one of the best magazines I have ever read and do not want to miss any numbers."

From Canada—Comrade Hawkins renews his standing bundle order for Reviews and adds: "Am sorry I could not get it in earlier but have been busy threshing grain. Expect to have a little cash on hand when I get through with the harvest and will purchase some more of your splendid publications."

"There is not a class conscious worker worthy of the name who cannot spare the small subscription price to the Review, because it makes 'em think."

From a London Correspondent—"The British Prussians are making frantic appeals to the working class to 'volunteer' to defend their (?) country in the greatest crisis the world has ever experienced. They are asked 'to take their part along with their comrades who are already in the trenches defending THEIR (?) country'—but were it OUR country there would be no world crisis—hence no need to murder one another."

"Lord Derby, the government recruiting agent, has issued an appeal for recruits in which he asks: 'Is your reason for refusing to join the army one that would be accepted in France, Italy, and the other countries of

our allies?' Probably he thinks that this question is a poser, but if we are compelled to submit to the conditions prevailing in France and Italy on the question of military service, then no *argument* or verbal answer to such a question will avail, as we shall be slaves to the military dictators, and as slaves we shall have no right to argue or give answers. They are conducting a minute canvass from house to house during this next six weeks, and all men of military age are to be, if possible, persuaded to enlist. This move, undoubtedly, is one to try and find out what actual opposition there is throughout the country to compulsory military service. I believe there will be sufficient determined opposition to make the government stay their hand on the question—if not, then they are fighting to destroy Prussianism on the continent and establishing it in great Britain."—J. P.

Sounds Good to Us—"I enjoyed the Review very much. It certainly is different from all other magazines I have ever run across. Friends of mine are now reading the Review and my next step will be to join the nearest Socialist local. In a week or so I intend to send in my first contribution toward the Socialist cause in the form of a yearly subscription to the Review, and, if possible, at the same time to become a stockholder in the publishing house."—D. H. C., Hamilton, Canada.

Cannot Be Done—Comrade Cogswell of Elko, Nevada, in sending in a short time renewal to her Review subscription, writes: "I cannot make any suggestion for improving the Review. It cannot be done. It is already perfect." We are glad when comrades feel that we are keeping up to the mark in an age when events are occurring so rapidly—when history is being made so fast, but if we keep on sticking to the class struggle, we hope to go not far wrong.

L. W. Longmire First—Comrade Longmire of Yelm, Washington, ranks first in correctness of replies given to the ten questions on Economics we asked our readers in the November Review. We might have known the best ten would come from the state of Washington, where scientific Socialism is still taught.

Now Ready to Deliver

"The Life and Exploits of Jehovah"

The Greatest Rationalist Book of the Age

By HENRY M. TICHENOR

I have been in the publishing business a good many years, and believe I know a good thing when I see it, and Comrade Tichenor's "Life of Jehovah," about to be published in book form, as announced on another page, certainly takes its place in the front ranks of the world's most classic works of satire. I have gone through the manuscript in the rough and do not hesitate to predict that it will be read and enjoyed and laughed over by generations to come, and, I believe, is destined to free more brains from the chains of priestcraft and superstition than any work hitherto produced. Where others have disputed and denied, the author of the "Life of Jehovah" simply satirizes; he uses caustic rather than logic; Jehovah, as he puts it himself, is "laughed out of court."—Phil. Wagner.

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St. Louis, Mo.

A Long Distance Talk—One of our eighteen carat Canadian comrades in renewing his subscription for the coming year writes: "I always feel that my Review birthdays are events worth celebrating. From the date of my first subscription I had just recently come out of jail to bury a little baby that had been practically murdered by the Vancouver Island coal barons, who jailed me on an unlawful assembly charge, which was subsequently enlarged to include intimidation, rioting, and riotous, damage to property.

"The baby's death resulted from exposure, the kind-hearted (?) judge allowing me out on \$2,000 bail after sending a special policeman up to the leaking shack to see if the baby was really sick—the doctor's word was not good enough.

"On my next renewal our coal miners' strike was over, some three months your humble servant being allowed grub from the government to the extent of \$10 per month for the wife and children.

"Now, on my third year, I am out in the wilds, five hundred miles away from wife and children, where I have been driven in order to get a few crumbs, a pair of overalls and a shelter. I am working in the gold mine.

"The pity of it all is that I have been driven away by my own class, indirectly by the apathy and directly by the acts of individuals, whom to curry favor with a 2x4 boss, would act the traitor to one who fought hard during the strike to get them a few more crumbs.

"I am willing to admit that the economic ignorance of the workers is responsible for the ills that we are heir to, but their apathy is the cause of their ignorance; therefore, they swallow all the bunk about 'Pie in the sky and the glory of dying for one's country.'

"The strike breaking mayor of Nanaimo (another Christian) said recently: 'How glorious it is to think of the graves of our heroes in France, that are kept green.' Moral—Go and get shot and get a green grave.

"I must add a few words in appreciation of the Review. It is getting better all the time. Go straight ahead, you are on the right road. Those scientific articles will do much to counteract the effect of the bunk handed out by the sky pilots.

From a Revolutionary School Teacher—

"The book 'Ancient Society' and five numbers of the Review received. I enjoyed the Review very much. Talk about freedom of speech in American schools. I sacrificed my position as high school teacher at the Paragould high school, Paragould, Arkansas, because I made a few tame remarks about the southern landlords, while comparing European medieval history with present day conditions. The bankers of the town went after me, with the result that I had to give up the position at the end of the school year. I am doing clerical work now in an institution, not having been able to get a position during the summer as teacher. No doubt a case of black-mailing, since all school boards write to the superintendent whether I am 'safe' or not."

The Shame of Texas—While Governor Johnson of California is showing how he can make two innocent men (Ford and Suhr) suffer because they dared to help the hop pickers of that state in their strike for better conditions, the legal machinery of Texas has enacted another farce with our old friend, Charles Cline, Socialist and industrial unionist, as the victim. You will remember that Comrade Cline was one of a group of American and Mexican workingmen who were on their way toward the Mexican border, when they were attacked and one of their number slain in cold blood. As we recall the events following this tragedy, one of the men in the party attacking the boys was killed in an attempt at self-defense, and Charles Cline was accused of the so-called "murder." But long before the killing took place, Comrade Cline had left the group and was looking for a place to cross a swollen stream when he was surrounded and arrested on the charge of "murder." His friends, both American and Mexican, were also arrested and their trials and convictions followed in short order through the boys' lack of funds and proper defense. Comrade Cline's first ordeal was pronounced a "mistrial" and he was tried over again, which resulted in a "conviction," which was reversed within twenty-five days, according to our correspondent, because some "legal" formality had been overlooked by the state. This gave Comrade Cline another chance and his friends rallied to his support and got him the best lawyer their slender resources would permit. During this last trial, the district attorney sought to force Cline into a statement that he was going to Mexico as a representative of the S. P. or the I. W. W., but he declared that he was acting only as an individual. In the district attorney's charges against Cline he dragged in the I. W. W. and the Socialist party in an effort to prejudice the jury against our friend. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty and gave Cline a life sentence, because, as they acknowledged when asked, "he was a member of that _____ organization (I. W. W.) and in the company of those _____ Greasers (Mexicans)."

There is still another chance for Cline and his comrades who were also convicted for offenses they never committed. A defense committee of five has been organized to demand a new trial and to furnish Cline with best legal counsel, to free him and use his victory as a lever to free all the other boys. The southern lumber operators sent gunmen to testify against Cline because of their hatred of his industrial union work in the south a year or two ago, but not one iota of evidence was produced to show that he was connected in any way with the killing of the man who had attacked the boys. Here is where we want to show our class solidarity, so put a dollar bill in an envelope and send it to the Review for the defense fund of Charles Cline and send him some papers, tobacco, magazines, care the county jail, San Antonio, Texas. Don't forget the Roll of Honor boys who are inside!

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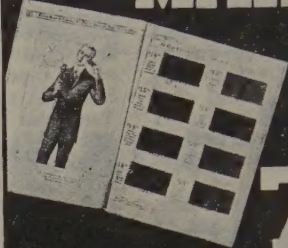
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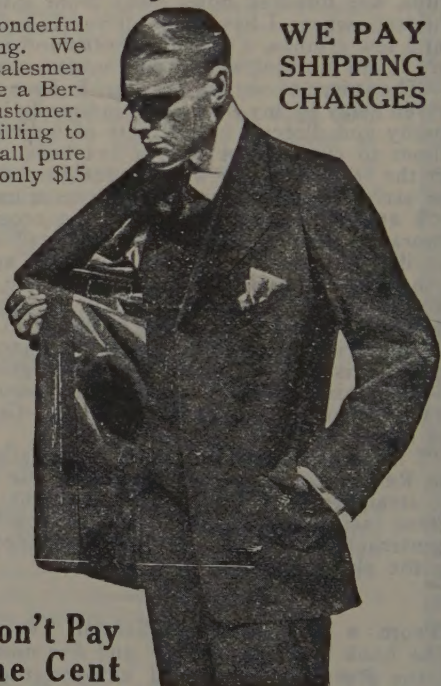
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SAVAGE SURVIVALS

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

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A new and important work, advance extracts from which have appeared in the International Socialist Review during 1915. The entire work contains about double the matter thus published, with twenty new illustrations from original drawings.

It is the story of Man's instincts, developing from the lower animals through savagery and barbarism to the present time. The author shows how many instincts that we still possess have survived from the old pre-historic times when they were essential to the preservation of man, but that they have today become **vestigial**, that is, no longer useful and even positively injurious.

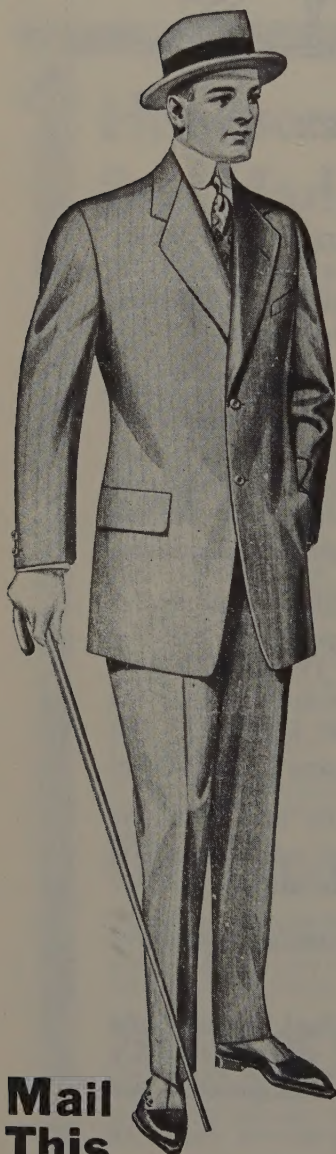
Professor Moore, as Jack London says of him, "uses always the right word." No other scientific writer possesses half his charm of style or his simplicity of expression. This new book is full of science that reads like romance; the author handles his facts in a way that will command the respect of naturalists, and at the same time makes the information fascinating to the young.

One of the most delightful biological studies in the volume is the chapter describing the vestigial organs and instincts surviving in domestic animals such as the cow, dog and cat.

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